THE BYSTANDER
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The Bystander, May 20, 1931

the BYSTANDER

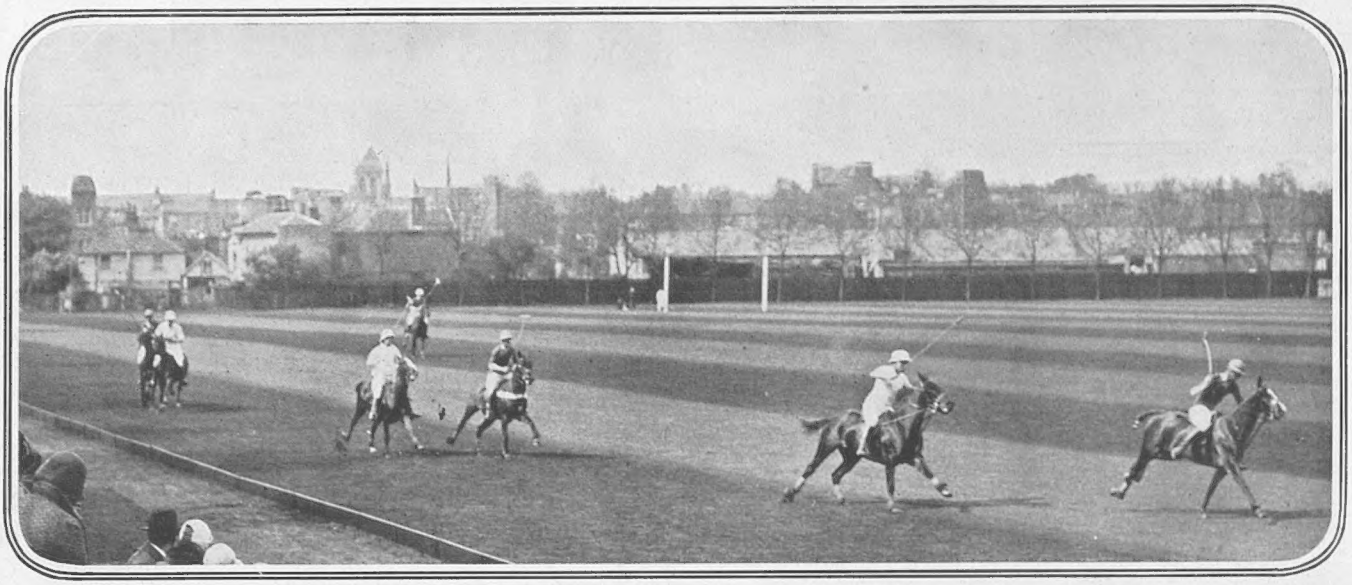
No. 1431. Vol. CX.

Lenare

THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

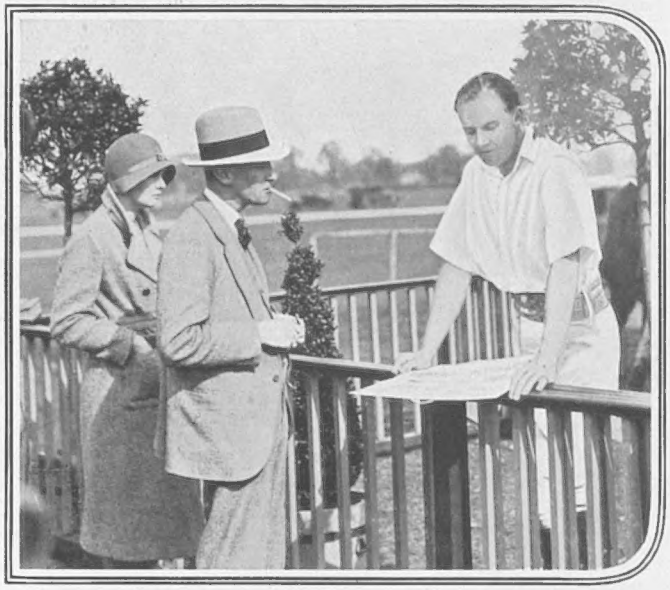
Whose husband, the fourth Marquess, is now convalescing at Brighton after his serious illness. One of the most attractive young people in Society, she was, before her marriage last year, Miss Maureen Guinness and is the daughter of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness. The family seat of the Dufferins is Clandeboye, in Co. Down

POLO AT HURLINGHAM AND BEAUFORT

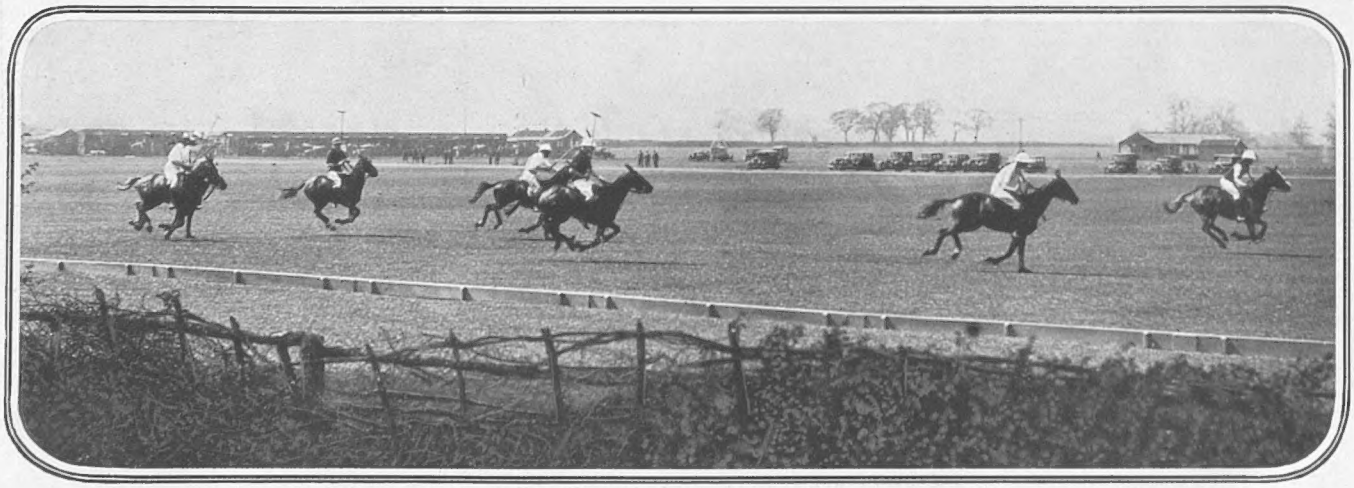


A general view of the Hurlingham ground during the match between Los Piratas and Mixed Grill in the first round of the Whitney Cup. The match resulted in an easy victory for Los Piratas, who, with two and a half goals start, won by 10½ goals to 4

Capt. C. T. I. Roark (left), the captain of the English polo team, and Lord Dalmeny at an Oxford University match. Mrs. Roark is seen at the window of the car



The Earl of Sefton, one of the leading lights of the Beaufort Polo Club, chatting with friends after a trial match on the picturesque ground of this club



A trial match in progress at the Beaufort Polo Club, now in its second season. The club has eight full-size grounds, stabling for eighty ponies, and a membership of nearly four hundred, so it can well claim to be a thriving youngster among the famous polo clubs of England

the passing hour

IN TULIP TIME

A charming study of the little daughter of Mr. M. J Goldman. She is seen in the garden of her father's villa at Cannes

LET us all hope that the Prince of Wales's speech to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce will really bear fruit. No wonder France and America are filled with a consuming jealousy of us as the possessors of the finest commercial traveller in the world. The most important point of all in his speech was the fact that our manufacturers are out of date in proclaiming the fact that their goods last for ever. Durability in this era of change is not wanted. People are easily bored, and like an excuse for a change. When, in addition, manufacturers take his advice and go in for more advertising and brighter colours, the South American market, and many others, too, will be ours.

WELL, the Courts are here, and those of us who are not going this time will be recalling anew the experience of sitting in the Mall while crowds of people peer through the windows of the motor cars, making audible comments. I went to Court again last year, and we whiled away our time playing bridge. But it was difficult not to cheat. Still, the absorbed interest taken by the crowds in the way we played our hands, together with comments like "I wonder whether the old geyser will finesse the Jack," were all very complimentary.

LAST year we sat for two hours in the Mall, for, though we arrived on the stroke of 6.30—or was it 5.30?—there was already an immense queue of cars which had been circulating round the Green Park waiting for the moment when the police would let them form up. "It makes me feel as though we were going to the Tuileries" more than one foolish young debutante has remarked in my ear before now. What nonsense! The interest taken in the cars in the Mall by the crowds on the sidewalks is the healthiest possible.

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES BAILLIE-HAMILTON

The lovely wife of the young M.P. for Bath, who has been at loggerheads with the local Conservative Association and has threatened to stand as an Independent if they oppose him. She took part in the recent 'Dinner of a Hundred Hosts' at the Park Lane Hotel

A NOTABLE CHRISTENING

WELL, we can once more go to the Kit-Cat now. They have a first-class band, Louis of Ciro's, and the new device taken from the Cocoanut Grove Club of Hollywood, which makes the ceiling look as though it is a mass of blue, red, or golden clouds moving over one's head. One point that has not been touched on anywhere is that the kitchens have been immensely improved and enlarged.

ALTOGETHER, it is a good thing that the Kit-Cat should reopen again, if only because the Americans were inclined to think that the former management's inability to keep open argued that London as a city was "broke," and unable to keep up its entertainments and dance clubs, which obviously is the reverse of the case. I hear that there is to be a "Monseigneur" on the lines of the Boîte in Paris. There is Sovrani's coming new venture. There is the Dorchester, which is going from success to success—and, just outside London, Heatherden Hall will soon be open.

A FAMOUS BABY CHRISTENED

The infant son of Capt. and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, whose advent on Christmas Day last was the cause of a serious illness to his mother, was christened at St. Mark's, South Audley Street, last week. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Kingscote, Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Salmond, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid with the baby, Noel Robert, Michael Cunningham-Reid, Capt. A. S. Cunningham-Reid, Lady Brecknock behind her daughter, Lady Mary Pratt, Mr. Robert Hudson, Lady Louis Mountbatten with her daughter Patricia on the left, and Lady Forres. The christening presents ran to cuff links, no fewer than three pairs being given to the chief actor in the proceedings. Capt. Cunningham-Reid is the prospective Conservative candidate for St. Marylebone

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

One of the prettiest girls in Society, with her harp. She is wearing the attractive dress in which she appeared at "The Dinner of a Hundred Hosts" in aid of the Margaret Street Hospital for Consumption. It took place at the Park Lane Hotel on May 14

Pearl Freeman

MISS KATHLEEN MARY HEDLEY

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Henry John Robert Stent, King's Own Scottish Borderers, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stent, of Pontrilas Court, Hereford. She is the only daughter of Mr. John Prescott Hedley, the well-known surgeon, and of Mrs. Prescott Hedley

HEATHERDEN HALL, Colonel Grant Morden's former home at Iver, in Buckinghamshire, will be the last word in luxury. Poor Colonel Grant Morden! One daughter is reception clerk and secretary to a dentist, and the other is a companion to a young married couple in Germany. Both were brought up in the lap of luxury. They used to have forty gardeners, I believe.

THE PRINCE'S STIRRING CALL TO INDUSTRY

The scene at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, when the Prince of Wales made his great speech to thousands of Lancashire business men, urging them to increase British trade in South America, and suggesting ways of so doing. He is seen on the platform with Mr. T. D. Barlow, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, with Prince George beyond

WHITSUN ON THE CONTINENT

To revert to Heatherden, however, I gather from Quaglino, who is opening a branch of his restaurant in Bury Street there, that it is to be the most gilded and magnificent place in England. Every possible kind of comfort has been arranged. Golf at Stoke Poges, hunting with the neighbouring packs, polo, private aeroplanes, lawn-tennis—everything is catered for. There will be dukes to the right of you and dukes to the left of you. What it costs to be a full member I do not know. An associate membership is a matter of fifteen guineas.

I hope, incidentally, that Quaglino will stock the Heatherden cellars with some of his latest importation from Germany—by which I mean "Stein Wein." This is a type of hock which tastes something like a dry Château

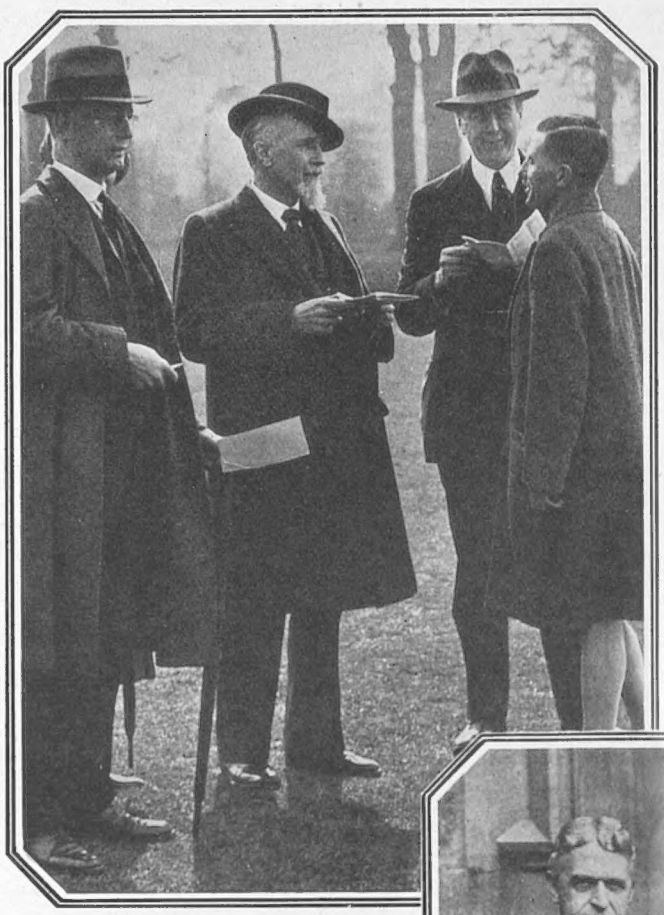
Bertram Park

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO

Whose husband is the son and heir of the Duke of Wellington. She is Chairman of the Committee of the Waterloo Ball, which will be held at Grosvenor House on June 15 in aid of the poor residing in the Waterloo Road district

Yquem, and is served in heart-shaped bottles of the type in which meat extract is put. Why wine merchants and restaurant managers have not coaxed us to drink it before I cannot think.

The London Season is all too short, isn't it? Here is Whitsun already with hardly any of our plans fixed. Personally, I hope to be going to Pourville, near Dieppe. I spent last Whitsun there, and it is the greatest fun in the world. You have the championship golf-course two miles away. You have the Casino inside your own hotel. You have the dog's cocktail bar. You have a private swimming-pool as large as the one at the summer casino at Cannes within fifty yards of the hotel.



The Governor of the Bank of England, the Rt. Hon. Montagu Norman, D.S.O. (centre) and the Deputy Governors, Sir Ernest Harvey and Mr. Cecil Lubbock, at the athletic meeting of the Bank of England's Sports Club held on their ground in Priory Lane, Roehampton. They are chatting with the Honorary Sports Secretary

Le Touquet, which has been very quiet since Easter, will no doubt be full again. The extra golf-course is a great asset, and the weather ought to be finer than it was at the beginning of last month. Deauville, too, will be claiming a number of visitors. I spent Whitsun of 1929 there, and never enjoyed myself more. There were practically no English people there at all—which at least was a change.

Journalism is becoming smarter every day. Besides Lord Castlerosse and Lord Donegall and the rest, Lady Patricia Ward and Lady Alexandra Haig have become cub-reporters at Northcliffe House. Both are doing quite well, I hear, and are thoroughly enjoying the novelty of never knowing where they are going to be sent next.

The engagement of Lady Fiona Pratt did not come as a surprise to her friends—unlike the

Sir William Morris (right), the fam... Dudden, D.D., Vice-Chancellor ... was taken after Sir William ... Doctor of Civil L...

AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

The Earl of March (left) and Mr. C. S. Staniland being cheered after winning the recent "Double Twelve" race at Brooklands in the M.G. Midget at the average speed of 65.6 miles per hour for twenty-four hours. The race was a triumph for M.G. Midgets which secured the first five places at the finish

THE Dorchester is rapidly becoming the scene of most of the more interesting affairs in London. On June 10 the Westminster ball will be held there, with a cotillon thrown in for good measure. Lady Diana Duff Cooper is the Chairman. The Duchess of Sutherland will be hostess, and the Prince of Wales is the patron. Also at the Dorchester will be seen a Loan Exhibition of works of art from May 28 to June 18. Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Duchess of Portland are interested in this.

HAVE you heard of the Regency Club? It had its housewarming last week at 211, Piccadilly. Lady Furness, fresh from her big-game hunting, was there. Sir Charles Markham, fresh from other adventures,

motor magnate, and the Rev. F. H. Oxford University. The photograph received the Honorary Degree of at the University

wedding of Mr. Dod Frankland, whose mother, Baroness Zouche, never knew that he was married until he told her some days later. They were married at Christ Church, Down Street, which was also the scene of the semi-secret weddings of Lady Seafield and Lady Doria Hope.

TO revert to Lady Fiona Pratt, however, I hear that she is likely to spend a good deal of the engagement period at her mother Lady Camden's place, Bayham Abbey, where her coming-out ball was given. Her fiancé, who is in the Cavalry, will be playing a good deal of polo in London this season.

AIR club cruises are becoming daily more popular. Led by Mr. Nigel Norman, about twelve machines are expected to take part in the second Heston annual spring cruise, which is to start on Saturday. After lunching at Douai they will arrive at Rheims on the first afternoon, where a visit has been arranged to the Heidsieck champagne cellars. On the following day they will lunch at Beaune and dine at Lyons. The third and fourth evenings will be spent at Nîmes, whence it is hoped to arrange expeditions to Avignon and Hyères.

THE following evening they will reach Carcassonne, and on the sixth day, after lunching at Biarritz, they will arrive at Bordeaux. Passing through Poitiers, they will then make for Tours, when a personally conducted aerial tour of the châteaux will be made. On the following day the party will visit the Châteaux Chenonceaux and Amboise by car, and, after lunching at Vouvray, will return to Tours, and fly to Orly. The next day they will return to Heston by way of Le Touquet. And what could be fairer than that?

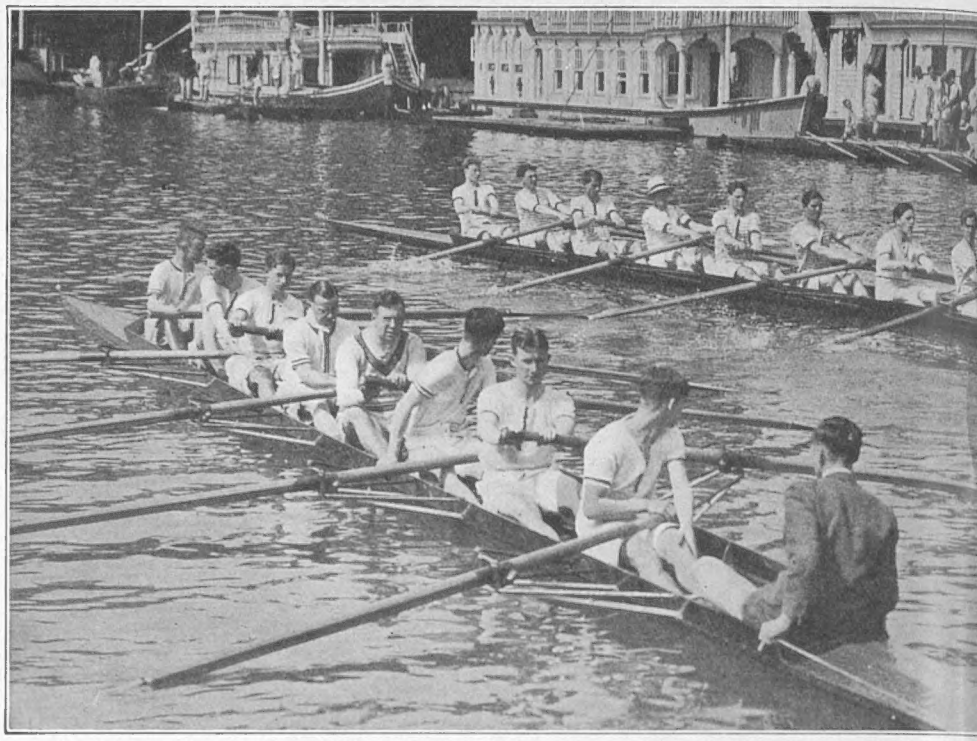
Dorothy Wilding

The latest portrait of Lady Ashley, one of the most beautiful women in Society. Before her marriage in 1927 to Lord Ashley, the son and heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury, she was well known on the stage as Sylvia Hawkes

IN AID OF CHARITY

was another I saw. Champagne cocktails at this club only cost 1s. 9d. It would be difficult to think of a better recommendation.

GROSVENOR HOUSE is going to be transformed on June 15. Lady Douro tells me that the ballrooms will be transformed into the Brussels of 1815 by Mr. John Bull, the scenic artist, who is giving his services free to the organisers of the Waterloo Ball. At midnight there is to be a surprise, while the programmes will be designed by Mr. J. C. Squire. These will be adorned with period pictures from his private collection which have never yet been exhibited.



At both Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen have been busy practising for Eights Week and May Week, and their respective waters have been alive with craft. Two college crews at Oxford are seen getting into shape for Eights Week, which forms a strenuous prelude to Henley

Mr. I. A. R. Peebles, one of the best bowlers in county cricket. Playing for Middlesex in their match against Glamorgan at Lord's last week he made a noteworthy contribution towards the Brighter Cricket Movement by capturing three wickets in one over for no runs

I HEAR that the Duke and Duchess of York have both promised to be present at the Annual Ball for the Friends of the Poor on June 1, which Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Cynthia Colville are organising, to be held at Chandos House, with the consent of Sir Gomer and Lady Berry. Among those who have already taken tickets are the Portuguese, Italian, and German Ambassadors, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Ellesmere, Lord Ancaster, Lady Margaret Levett, the Dowager Lady Glentanar, and Mrs. James Corrigan. Pilbeam and his band will be in attendance, and there will be dancing from 10 to 3.

Douglas

MISS RUTH ELIZABETH THOROWGOOD

Whose marriage to the Hon. Anthony Gathorne-Hardy, the youngest brother of the Earl of Cranbrook, will take place in July. She is the eldest daughter of Commander Thorowgood, D.S.O., R.N., and of the late Mrs. Thorowgood

MR. TERENCE MCKENNA, the good-looking young auctioneer at Christies, was once again in the limelight when Lord Wakefield bought the Thomas à Becket Cup for £11,000, and presented it to the nation. Mr. McKenna was also the auctioneer at the abortive sale of the Portland Vase.

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

IT would not be fair, perhaps, to mention the name of the unfortunate Guards officer who was thrown from his horse at the rehearsal of the Trooping of the Colour the other day. After all, everyone in the Brigade now knows it, and it is the kind of thing which could happen to anyone once in his life. At the same time, it certainly raised a bit of a quiet laugh.

Society mothers are now to be seen daily wheeling out their young offspring for a morning's airing. Lady Lindsay Hogg, who was formerly Miss Frances Doble and returned to the stage last week in Edgar Wallace's new play, "The Old Man," at Wyndham's, is seen, accompanied by Miss Benita Hume, the stage and film star, taking her little son for a ride in his pram

I WENT down to Datchet the other day to see how Poulsen's club, on the riverside exactly facing Windsor Castle, is getting on. There seemed to be a lot to do, but the contractors were perfectly confident that the club would open its doors before Whitsun, and there was, in fact, a grand party given by the proprietors on both Saturday and Sunday last.

IT is a multi-coloured brick building, somewhat Byzantine in appearance, with an octagonal ballroom and restaurant with large French windows and steps leading down to the river. The prices will be extremely reasonable, and if only the weather is fine Poulsen's Club, with its facilities for bathing, its many canoes and punts, its miniature golf course, and lovely gardens and grounds, will undoubtedly prove a great success. Already its members include Prince George and many well-known society people.

THE day I went down Mr. Poulsen invited me to name the club by breaking a bottle of champagne against its walls. At the same moment as this task was being performed and cheers raised for the club, the Royal motor car containing Their Majesties passed along the other side of the river, who regarded the ceremony with considerable interest. It may not be generally known that the King gave his personal consent to the building of Poulsen's Club, which overlooks the private part of Windsor Park.

A ROYAL GODMOTHER

A recent photograph of Princess Ingrid of Sweden. She is godmother to the infant son of the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness

RACING HINTS (By "OLD ORKNEY")

RANGALA was not considered a danger to Cheery Lad and the favourite, Pelote, at Kempton, but he caused backers of the former uneasy moments by his game challenge, which only failed by a head. Will win over a mile and a half.

REDESWOOD, from Middleham, was pipped by one "from the clouds" at Chester. This beautiful horse will pay to follow.

LION HEARTED still has many faithful friends. Was in a more generous mood in the "Jubilee" and beat several heavily backed horses considered to be his superior, was leading at the end of a mile, and finished fourth. Will pop up and recover losses.

KNIGHT OF THE VALE was considered a "good thing" at Kempton, and it was only in the last stride that the heavily weighted Osiris got up to win by a head. In the pink of condition.

PEACE PACT has been showing improved form and with Perryman up at Kempton Park was quietly fancied. Finished third in an exciting finish. Is a certain money spinner in the near future.

PICKPOCKET will put cash in our pockets. Did not shine round the turns at Chester Continue to support with confidence.

AT OLYMPIA

Two photographs taken at the Ladies' Kennel Club Show at Olympia last week. The Hon. Mrs. H. L. Parker (left) is seen with her Irish wolfhound, Solemnity of Greville, and on the right is seen Lady Cochrane with her French bulldog, Halcyon Hurry-Scurry

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . Hello . . . hello Baa. . . . No, it is Moo speaking . . . good morning, dear, what a divine day . . . I feel happy and gay for no especial reason at all . . . No, it not because of . . . No . . . he is so sweet . . . but only temporarily so. . . .

LAST week, too, was so gay. . . . The christening of the Cunningham-Reid baby . . . Master Noel Robert . . . was the first party I went to. . . There was champagne in golden glasses and some of the loveliest young marrieds . . . headed, of course, by Edwina Mountbatten, whose long sash of ermine on a black coat caused much feminine comment and chatter. . . . Marjorie Brecknock—a godmother . . . looked very sweet in navy blue. . . . Olga Portago . . . whose husband arrives from Spain this week . . . came on from the Ritz, where she had been entertaining Douglas Fairbanks. . . . Barbara McCorquodale, in the palest grey, looked far more summery—to coin a word—than Posy Guinness and Helen Dashwood, who were in their favourite black . . . but for brilliance the infant's step-grandmother . . . Molly Ashley eclipsed everyone . . . in jade green with a patchwork beret. . . .

DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON is a very pretty debutante. . . . She wears her dark hair long and knotted low at her neck like her mother does hers. . . . I must say that the curly coiffeur of Imogen Gage is most attractive and looks well on every occasion even with tweeds . . . that is not always easy. . . . Jean Buchanan-Jardine's curls, for instance . . . while charming at night-time, look, to my mind, quite out of place at Castle Milk, but her sister Brenda, the Princesse de Chimay, has a very neat and chic head at all times. . . .

MOLLY DALKEITH looks her best in deep sapphire blue, and I saw her wearing a lovely lace dress of that colour when she was dancing with Prince George the other night. . . . Molly is very lovely, but her chief charm is her sweet smile . . . how few people smile charmingly. . . . Edythe d'Erlanger does . . . and Mary Allington . . . and the attractive little wife of Roy Royston, who one sees everywhere . . . but Paula Casa-Maury . . . Olive Pearce, who was Alan Iverclyde's first wife . . . and Thelma Furness should always keep their perfect features in repose. . . .

THERE have been so many small parties this week that I have no time to tell you about them now. . . . Sybil Eyres-Monsell's cocktail party in aid of the East London Hospital for Children . . . was thronged with interesting people. . . . Sylvia Wills's dance was the greatest fun . . . but I was tired the next day . . . I danced until dawn! . . . Bridge parties are too numerous to mention, but, then, I cannot resist them. . . . I find such a lot of us like them better than dancing. . . . Ada MacNaghten is a devotee and so is Beatrice Cartwright when she can tear herself from her beloved music. . . . Grace Parsons is a good player, and so is pretty Daisy Bendix, who, alas for us! is spending her summer in the country . . . only coming up for special engagements.

THERE is a great deal of controversy as to whether black lines put on with a paint-brush make very young eyes look sad and heartbroken or merely hypocritical. . . . What do you think, Baa? . . .

I CAN'T tell you about the opening of the Datchet Club because there was such a crowd and so much to see and do that I came away, remembering only that it was the greatest fun . . . that I adored the star-strewn ceiling of the ballroom, and that Poulsen is a genius! . . .

I HAVE received three invitations this week from different quarters of England starting: "Do fly down for luncheon next ——" . . . "it's quite the usual thing now and taken for granted. . . . Carlow, Winnie Portarlington's son, goes everywhere in his aeroplane, and Lois Morgan never travels in any other way if she can help it. . . . The Ward twins are both good pilots . . . although one . . . I think it is Geordie, has more experience. . . . Not everyone is enjoying the season as much as we. . . . Irene Dunn has gone to the Black Forest with her husband. . . . She says it is so much more amusing, and they will be a small but gay party. . . . I saw Irene at Eaton for the Chester races, and thought how well she was looking, and so, by the way, was her hostess, Loelia Westminster, who was very busy with nearly forty guests to entertain. . . . Bendor was very cheerful in spite of the new land tax. . . .

DARLING, I must go. . . . I've got a thé concert to go to at Mrs. Wesley Watson's. . . . I want to hear Sir William Goschen speak, and then I'm flying . . . not literally . . . to Sonia Converse for a cocktail, then on to the Le Roy-Lewis's dance. I've got a new dress that is divine. Bless you. . . . Good-bye. . . .

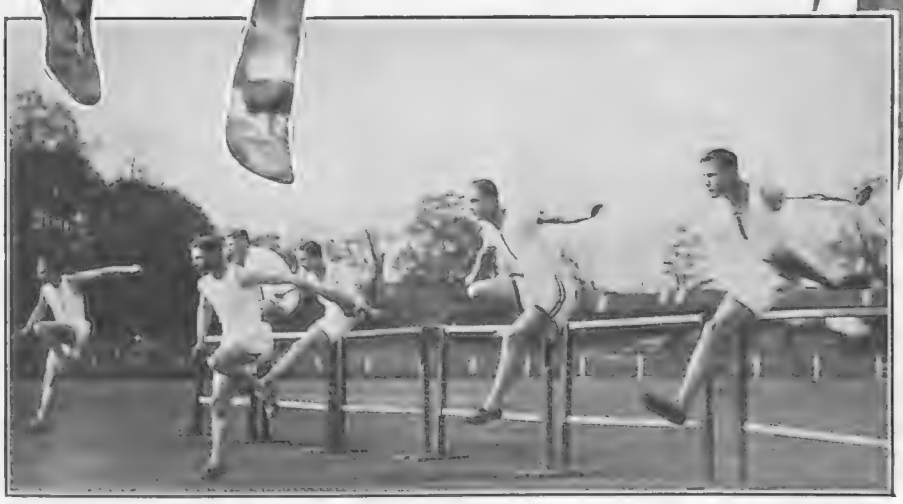
ATHLETICS: Sandhurst Beats Woolwich and Cranwell

The Two Miles in progress during the triangular contest between Sandhurst, Woolwich and Cranwell at the R.A.F. Stadium at Uxbridge. Sandhurst ended as victors with 69 points, the R.A.F. College (Cranwell) being second with 67 points and Woolwich third with 52 points

(Left) T. A. B. Parcelle (Cranwell) setting up a record by winning the Quarter Mile in 50 1-5 secs. He beat the second man home by the comfortable margin of 10 yards

(Left) G. C. Rush (Sandhurst) just beats C. G. Buttershaw (Woolwich) in an exciting finish to the One Mile. His time of 4 mins 28 secs. was a record for these meetings

Two interested spectators: Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard (left) and Air Vice-Marshal A. M. Longmore



The 120 Yards Hurdles in progress at the R.A.F. Stadium, Uxbridge. It was won by R. A. C. Carter (Cranwell), seen on the extreme left of the photograph, in 17 3-5 secs.

AT THE PLAY

HUMOUR, SONG, AND GLOOM

BY VERNON WOODHOUSE

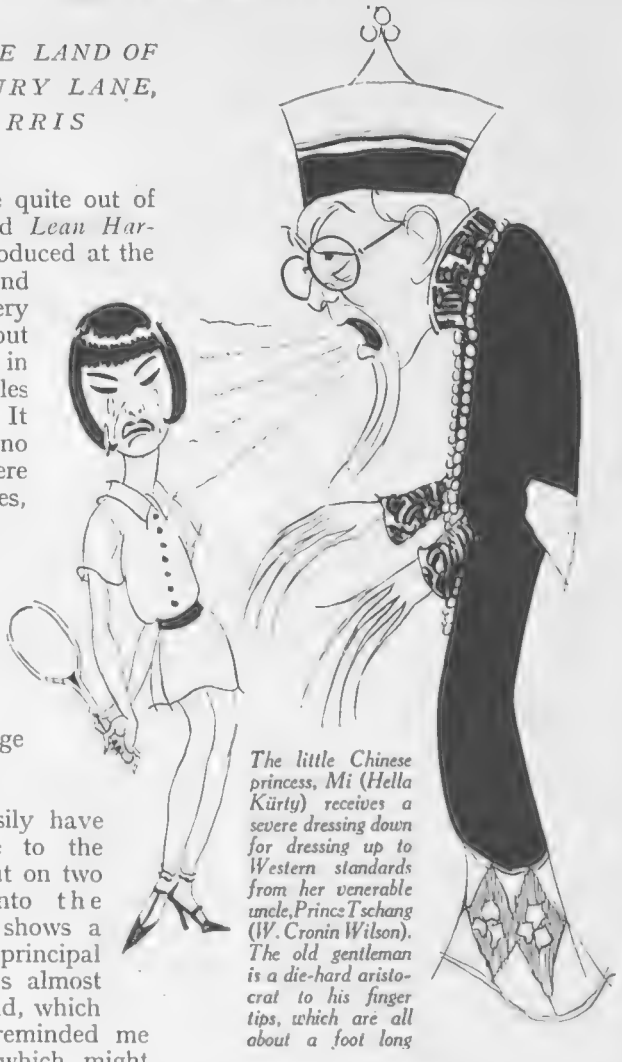
"Lean Harvest," at the St. Martin's

IT has often been suggested that the dramatic critic, thanks to a surfeit of playgoing, finds his perceptions blunted when sitting in judgment on new productions. This suggestion, I venture to say, is all poppy-cock. A long course of theatre-going may make him more intolerant of ineptitude, but when a good play comes along I am sure that he enjoys it even more than the average playgoer.

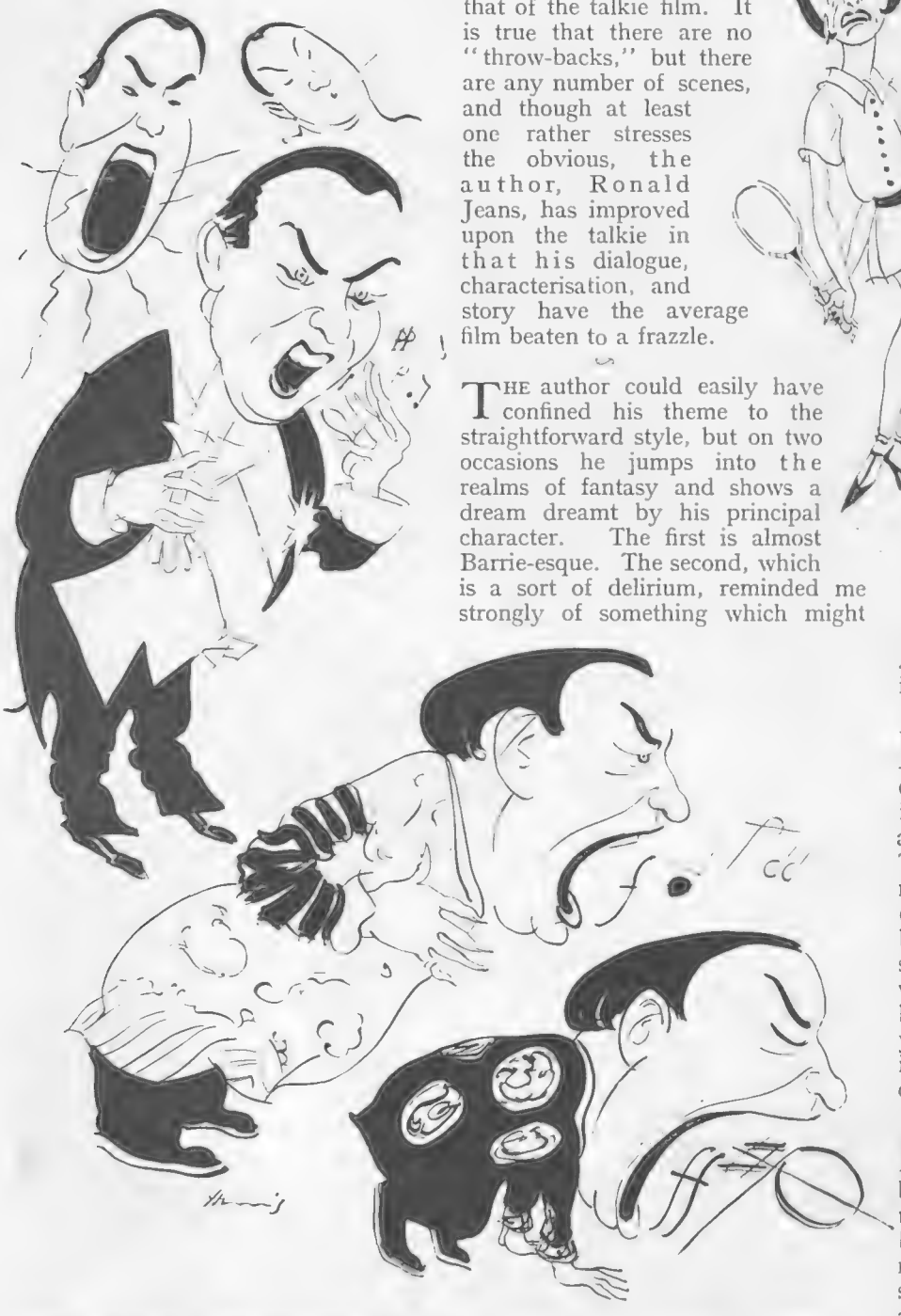
SKETCHES OF "THE LAND OF SMILES," AT DRURY LANE, BY H. H. HARRIS

A GOOD play, and one quite out of the ordinary, called *Lean Harvest,* has lately been produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, and I enjoyed almost every moment of it. It is out of the ordinary because, in construction, it resembles that of the talkie film. It is true that there are no "throw-backs," but there are any number of scenes, and though at least one rather stresses the obvious, the author, Ronald Jeans, has improved upon the talkie in that his dialogue, characterisation, and story have the average film beaten to a frazzle.

THE author could easily have confined his theme to the straightforward style, but on two occasions he jumps into the realms of fantasy and shows a dream dreamt by his principal character. The first is almost Barrie-esque. The second, which is a sort of delirium, reminded me strongly of something which might have been subtracted from the *Adding Machine,* and very powerful it is.



The little Chinese princess, Mi (Hella Kürty) receives a severe dressing down for dressing up to Western standards from her venerable uncle, Prince Tschang (W. Cronin Wilson). The old gentleman is a die-hard aristocrat to his finger tips, which are all about a foot long



Richard Tauber as "Prince Sou Chong" proves himself to be also King of Sing Song. His notes, none of which is a "stumer," are scattered broadcast with a lavish profusion during the performance

MONEY is the theme that Ronald Jeans has chosen, and it never once degenerates from sterling coin into filthy lucre. Two brothers, Steven and Nigel Trent, are contrasted. The former is a feeble novelist who marries the girl to whom Nigel was engaged. Nigel is a gambler with business instincts, and it is these instincts which make him find a suitable wife. In 1919, though without a bean, he refuses a job worth £600 a year. In 1930 he risks his all, which is quite a lot, in pulling off a £200,000 deal.

BUT it is not business deals which interest so much as the relations between Nigel and the woman he has married. Both, in their way, are not bad sorts, but the wife feels herself neglected. She wants him to do the social round, but the City claims him, and eventually she finds consolation at Sorrento with a tame tom-cat, while almost directly afterwards Nigel dies

of overwork. Moral: Money does not necessarily bring happiness.

As a contrast, we see the novelist, his wife and family unable to make both ends meet. Hence family jars. Thanks to Nigel's wife levanting, they come into all his money, and a subtle finish leads one to suppose that here again wealth will not necessarily spell happiness. Yet one more moral? Well, it really looks as if the author wished people to believe that penury is as pernicious as pelf, and that living within an income of about two thousand a year is the ideal in this imperfect world.

In this play, written both with wit and understanding, there is some first-rate acting, and Leslie Banks returns to London from America to make of Nigel a very notable figure and one which will remain long in the memory. Diana Wynyard plays his wife, and brings both beauty and keen intelligence to the part. Neither character can be called sympathetic, and yet somehow they both arouse not only interest but sympathy. A triumph for actor, actress, and author.

J. H. Roberts, as the novelist brother, plays perfectly. He gets into the skin of the part with effortless ease. Nigel Bruce is the ideal lounge-lizard who never sheds his skin, and Alex Frizell as a rather silly mother is effective in a small part. Alec Rea, who presents the play, deserves, paradoxically, a bountiful crop from this *Lean Harvest.*

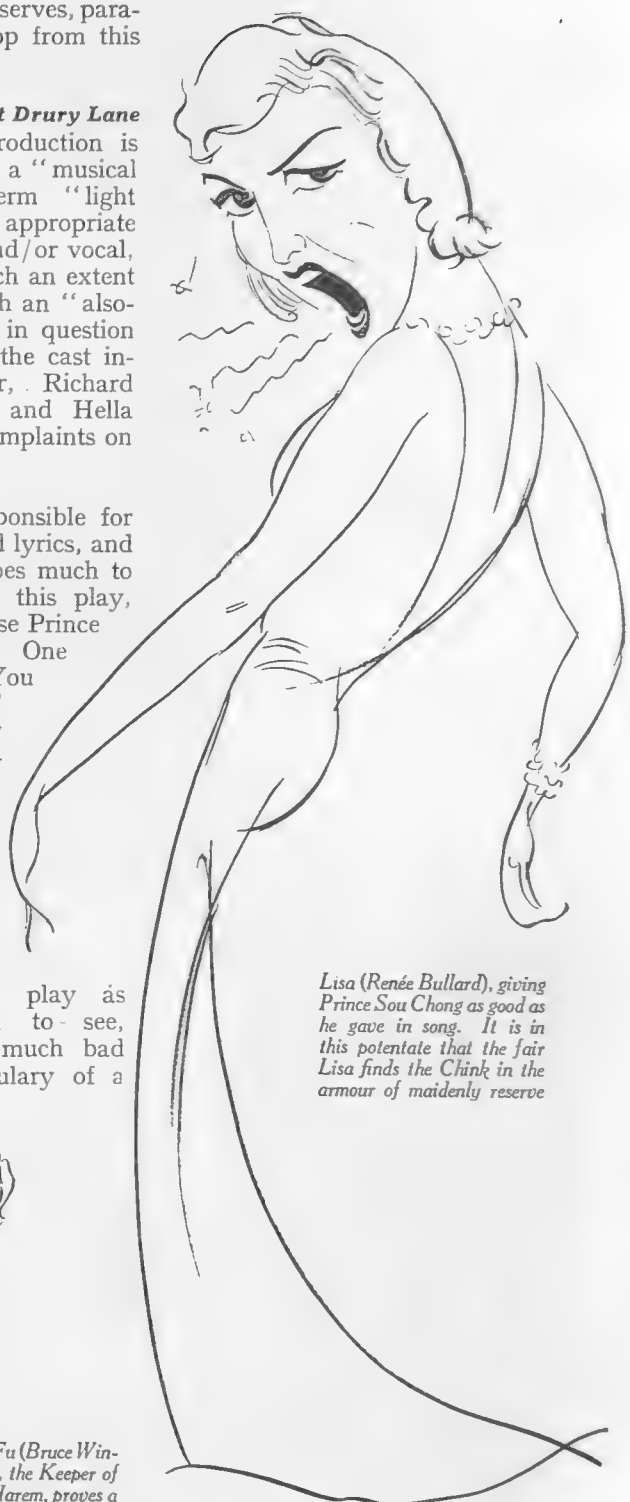
"The Land of Smiles," at Drury Lane

Although this new production is officially described as a "musical play," I think the term "light opera" would be more appropriate for music, instrumental and/or vocal, takes pride of place to such an extent that dialogue is very much an "also-ran." But as the music in question is by Franz Lehar, and the cast includes the great tenor, Richard Tauber, Lena Halliday and Hella Kürty, there can be no complaints on *that* musical score.

Harry Graham is responsible for the English book and lyrics, and the polish of the latter does much to make for the success of this play, which is all about a Chinese Prince and his Austrian bride. One number in particular, "You are my Heart's Delight," will, unless I am greatly mistaken, be heard everywhere very soon.

"The Hairy Ape," at the Ambassadors

This so-called comedy by Eugene O'Neill, which has been staged for a run, is about as gloomy a play as one could never wish to see, and contains almost as much bad language as the vocabulary of a Covent Garden porter. Granted that you enjoy gloom and expletives, this play is one that should not be missed, with Paul Robeson powerful in the part of the stoker who realises that nobody loves him. Others in this crude play who give good performances are Sydney Morgan and Laurence Hanray. Perhaps one day the author will explain in a footnote to the printed play how the stoker managed to open the door of the cage in which the hairy ape of the title was kept in captivity, and whose release put the stoker out of his misery—and ours. V. W.



Lisa (Renée Bullard), giving Prince Sou Chong as good as he gave in song. It is in this potentate that the fair Lisa finds the Chink in the armour of maidenly reserve

Chi Fu (Bruce Winston), the Keeper of the Harem, proves a somewhat substantial shadow to Gustave von Ploetz when that amorous young Austrian officer visits Prince Sou Chong's palace. The object of his call is to inquire into the well-being of the Prince's Austrian wife, for whom he has a pure but unrequited passion

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE.—No. 2

"I am the last active member of the Stock Exchange, apparently?"
"Yes, sir"

MR. "LADDIE" WINESTONE

By

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

DECORATIONS BY W. DE GROOT

DISCONSOLATE and forlorn, his silk hat tilted over his eyes, his underlip protruding rather dismally, Mr. Henry St. Cyr Ladislas ("Laddie") Winestone, the last of the stockbrokers, stood alone in the middle of the vast, shining expanse of the floor of the London Stock Exchange, telling himself the latest good story.

The events which had led up to this odd isolation were many and involved. They depended, among other things, on the latest Wall Street crash, on International Chilled Rhubarb "A," which had rocketed, boomed, sagged, revived, staggered, and finally died stone cold; on the sensational failure of the merger between United Sock-Suspenders (which had fallen down badly); Atlantic High-tension Dredgers, and Patent Reversible Collar-studs, Ltd., and a lot more things; but chiefly upon the situation in Wall Street, where there had recently occurred the greatest panic of all time, causing several stout millionaires to run as far as Great Neck, N.J., screaming like mad. And now there was only one member of the London Stock Exchange left, Mr. "Laddie" Winestone. He had been down to Brighton for the week-end during the final disaster and had come up to town again on the Wednesday afternoon to find to his consternation that all his blooming companions were faded and gone, leaving the key of the Stock Exchange under the mat for him. So there Mr. "Laddie" Winestone stood alone in the middle of that vast echoing space, among the silent tape-machines, doggedly telling himself the latest good story, which was due that very morning to be going the round of the Stock Exchange.

When he came to the words: *"So she said, 'Oh, I didn't think you meant that'"* Mr. Winestone became aware of a bowed figure hastening across the emptiness towards him. He paused in his climax, pushed his silk hat back slightly, and waited. It was his managing clerk, a grey, capable, dry, neat, middle-aged man who had been with the prominent firm of Winestone, Winestone, Winestone, and Weinstein for forty years.

"Well, Parkin?"

"I came to enquire, Mr. Winestone," said Parkin, "if there is anything else you would like done in the office before"—he paused and coughed—"before we finally stack up, sir."

Mr. Winestone reflected.

"I am the last active member of the Stock Exchange, apparently?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing we can do to the markets at the moment, is there?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Can't sell out something or other at 85, I suppose, just to keep warm?"

Parkin shook his head.

"What about bulling or bearing that Edible Bathmat 'B' issue we heard about last week, or something?"

"No good, Mr. Winestone."

Mr. "Laddie" Winestone took off his silk hat, wiped his forehead with a white silk handkerchief, put his hat on again, settled his pearl tiepin, blew a speck of dust off his striped trousers, and finally spoke, thoughtfully and with dignity.

"As the sole surviving member and representative of the London Stock Exchange, Parkin, it is my duty to carry on with all the high traditions of the House till normal conditions return."

"Yes, sir."

"Get me Mr. Harry Preston on the 'phone, will you?"

Parkin went across to the nearest telephone. Mr. Winestone followed him. Within five minutes he was through to Brighton and speaking to Mr. Preston, who, with his customary generosity and kindness, was perfectly aghast at the news, and instantly invited the last of the stockbrokers down to the Royal Albion, promising that he would look after him like an honoured invalid guest.

"No, no, *no*, dear boy," said Mr. Winestone, waving a deprecating hand at the receiver, "I couldn't do that. Too kind of you! No, really, I couldn't. What? You really *would* like me to? Ha, ha! Well," said Mr. Winestone, quickly and with animation, "thanks very much, dear boy, I'd love to. Good. Fine. Yes, rather. Yes, the last train to-night. Rather. Fine. Good. Right. Good-bye."

"It's ever so kind of you, Laddie, but reelly I couldn't"

He replaced the receiver.

"What day is it to-day, Parkin?"

"Thursday, Mr. Winestone."

"I am going down to Brighton to-night for the week-end."

"Very good, sir."

(Continued on page 384)

BY WILL OWEN

PATRON: "*I didn't mean big like that. I want it for a mascot on the car!*"

YOUTH'S PILGRIMAGE TO FAIRYLAND

The Peter Pan Statue in Kensington Gardens is never without its little band of youthful friends who delight in the fairy figures—to say nothing of the rabbits and mice on its plinth. Above is seen a little pilgrim to the shrine of Fairyland's hero the work of the late Sir George Frampton, R.A.

(Continued from page 382)

"I shall be back about next Thursday afternoon."

"Very good, sir."

"Wednesday week's Derby Day, isn't it?" asked Mr. Winestone, frowning.

"Yes, Mr. Winestone."

"I must," said Mr. Winestone, drawing a deep breath, "be back here for Derby Day. In the meantime, Parkin, you can carry on at the office alone. In the event of any business turning up to be bulled, beared, carried over, contangoed, written off, depreciated, or what not, you get me instantly on the 'phone at the Royal Albion. Is that quite clear?"

"Quite, Mr. Winestone."

Leisurely pulling on his gloves, setting his silk hat at the accurate angle, lighting a fat Egyptian cigarette, and gripping his exquisitely rolled umbrella, the last member of the London Stock Exchange strolled with calm dignity off the Floor and went to lunch at his club.

At one minute to midnight that night Mr. "Laddie" Winestone was standing bareheaded by the door of a first-class Pullman in Victoria Station, talking urgently to a chic, slim, beautiful girl of twenty with blonde hair, large, deep, violet eyes and perfectly cut patrician features, named Phyllis.

"No, I couldn't, reelly, Mr. Winestone," she was saying.

"Call me Laddie," urged Mr. Winestone.

"Laddie. Reelly I couldn't. Not now."

"I could care for you in a *big way*, little girl," breathed Mr. Winestone, tenderly. He was becoming almost sincere. He had been during dinner and all the evening, as it were, acting virtually on behalf of the London Stock Exchange as a body. Now he was beginning to act a bit for himself.

"Is that so, Mr. Winestone?"

"Laddie," said Mr. Winestone, holding up a coy finger.

"Laddie. Well, I couldn't, reelly. See what I mean? Not now I couldn't."

Mr. Winestone glanced at his watch. Two minutes to go.

"Listen, Phyllis, little girl," he said significantly. "*You ought to have a much bigger part in the next show.*"

Pause.

"Yes, I know," said the girl, with shining eyes, "but reelly I couldn't. Not now, I mean. It's ever so kind of you, Mr.——"

"Laddie."

"It's ever so kind of you, Laddie, but reelly I couldn't."

The whistle blew, the guard waved his flag, Mr. Winestone, biting his lip, leaped into the Pullman, and the long train moved out.

"Thanks *ever* so much, anyway," cried Phyllis, waving.

"Thank hell!" said Mr. Winestone shortly. He sank back into his chair and ordered a whisky and soda. In an hour's time he was in Brighton. On the threshold of the Royal Albion, which was brilliantly illuminated, the whole staff awaited him in triple rank, headed by Mr. Preston himself. It was not every day that the whole London Stock Exchange in person came down to the sea. . . .

"'Well,' said Mr. Winestone quickly and with animation, 'thanks very much, dear boy. I'd love to. Good. Fine'"

A week passed. Derby Day dawned bright and warm, and Mr. Winestone, looking bronzed and fit, and dressed with special care, was at his lonely post in the middle of the Stock Exchange floor by noon. In one hand he held a tiny Union Jack. In the other he held his silk hat. Noon struck. He looked at his watch and began to sing the National Anthem, at the same time waving his flag. The first verse went fairly well, though the echoes were rather terrifying. The second went much more strongly.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks . . .

sang Mr. "Laddie" Winestone, stiff and proud, and became suddenly aware of a messenger at his side. The messenger, who was from the office, whispered something to him.

"What?" said Mr. Winestone. "Sell out at *what*? Here, hold this damn flag," and then, leaping across the floor like a hunted stag, he vanished.

D. B. W. L.

if Sossip we must

AFTER THE BATTLE WAS LOST AND WON

Miss Madge Le Gros (right), the well-known dress designer, congratulating Miss Margaret Bannerman after the latter had won a thrilling victory—and a cup presented by Miss Bannerman's husband, Mr. Tony Prinsep—at Pada tennis on the courts opposite the Prinseps' bungalow at Pevensey Bay. There is, apparently, no standard dress for this thrilling sport, and comfort rather than super-smartness is the keynote

THE wittiest thing said about the land, and the truest, was said by Oscar Wilde. "What with the duties expected of one during one's lifetime," says a character in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, "and the duties extracted after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It merely gives one position and prevents one keeping it up." That was in the far-off and comparatively happy days of 1895. Mr. Lloyd George's savage attack on the landowner was more than ten years distant. Though Mr. Lloyd George chastised the landowner with whips, it has been left to Mr. Snowden to chastise him with scorpions. And there is the usual savage glee among those who have no land and know nothing whatever about land.

HE: "I'm getting better looking every day"
SHE: "Better looking than what?"

WHAT makes Mr. Snowden's land tax peculiarly irritating is its tacit assumption (i) that the man who invests his money in land must be regarded as a sort of pariah who is in a position quite different from that of the man who invests it in a cotton mill or a gramophone factory, and (ii) that the landowner must be mulct more and more as to his land because he pays no other kind of tax. Both of these are hideous fallacies,

Pearl Freeman

DORA LENNOX

Who plays one of the leading rôles in "The Old Man," produced at Wyndham's Theatre on Friday last. Author Edgar Wallace recently surprised his readers with a thrilling account of a female ghost, who rated him soundly for attacking Hannen Swaffer, who is not only a spiritualist, but a dramatic critic

but the Chancellor runs them as hard as he can, and his followers delight to believe in them. What nonsense it all is! It is considered a grievous injustice to the community should a man's land appreciate through no effort of his own. Granted that land does sometimes do this; but stocks and shares appreciate too, also with no effort on the part of the owner. Why must land be singled out in this fashion?

FURTHER, the introduction of more and more land-taxes is carried out with the suggestion, almost openly hinted at, that the landowner has no other burdens whatever, and contributes nothing to

the revenue except through his land. Mr. Snowden, being a shrewd man, knows perfectly well that the landowner pays income-tax and super-tax, and that death duties are extracted from the estate he has had, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such difficulty in keeping going at all. But it is convenient not to mention it, and in no corner of the Socialist support, personal or journalistic, can any reference even be found to that important fact.

THERE is no lèse-majesté whatever in registering the honest opinion that the variety performance at the Palladium—at which the King and Queen were present—was hardly an exhilarating affair. Why is it the fashion to label these annual functions "command" performances? They are nothing of the sort. A command performance is the performance of a play at Windsor or Sandringham which the King personally orders to take place. The pre-War gala performances at Covent Garden, to mark the visit of some foreign monarch, came under the same category. But the music-hall field-days (which cause such envy and argument in the profession) are simply special programmes arranged to benefit a deserving music-hall charity, to which Their Majesties most graciously accord their patronage. I do not suggest that those who arrange the programmes do not have a most difficult task. They are there to be shot at whatever they do. But they would do a great deal better if they thought more of what would be likely to amuse and interest the Royal party (and, incidentally, the remainder of the audience).

SOME of the "turns" were good. Others were extremely poor. And a variety programme that claims to be representative, and at the same time a selection of the very best, that does not include George Robey, Harry Tate, Nellie Wallace, Will Fyffe, the Houston Sisters, Lily Morris, Will Hay, G. S. Melvin, Coram and Jerry, or Nervo and Knox, as well as a number of foreign turns of corresponding calibre (for variety must be cosmopolitan), is not a good programme. I do not believe that all the turns I have mentioned were not available. Were they invited? If not, why not?

JACK HYLTON—his band, by the way, was not included in the above performance—gave a party for Richard Tauber, the German tenor, after the first night of *The Land of Smiles*. It was chiefly remarkable for the enormous number of pantomime principal "boys" present, of whom I counted at least seven. Tauber seemed shy and tired. He had just been through a considerable ordeal, and it seemed to have taken everything out of him, for he could

URSULA JEANS *Joan Craven*

A recent camera study of one of our prominent young actresses. She will be seen shortly in the dramatised version of "Grand Hotel," the famous novel by Viki Baum

"Do you find your husband often lies awake?"
"Yes, and sometimes in his sleep as well!"

Lea Seidl, who plays the part of the proprietress in "Whi play at the Coliseum, with six of the chorus. She may h underwent last week convinces her that he

A "SPIRITED" ATTACK

Edgar Wallace declares that he was recently visited by the ghost of a plain-looking female, who not only spirited away the manuscript of an attack on Hannen Swaffer, whose spiritualistic activities are well known, but severely rated him for making a previous attack.

BE warned by me and never scoff
Or write rude words about Old Swaff.
Just let him go his own sweet way
And say the things he wants to say,
For if you criticise his style,
Or hint his writing's not worth while,
Spooks may desert their vaulted crypt
And come and pinch your manuscript
Because, of course, they're very fond
Of Swaffer in the Great Beyond.

How little Edgar Wallace thought
When starting on the pleasant sport
Of hitting out at one who dotes
On flying at the luckless throats
Of those he chooses to despise,
That ghostly females would arise
And tell him in a manner plain
He must not write like that again
Since those Beyond the Veil think Han.
Is Fleet Street's only Super-man.

So do not seek the awsome bans
Of disembodied Swaffer "fans"
Who, when they choose to stress their views,
Make really splendid front-page news,
Since even high-paid writers may
Have no control o'er spooks to-day.
For Swaff. and Wallace I am sure
Are both inspired by motives pure—
Why, is it not their proudest boast
They never would employ a "ghost?"

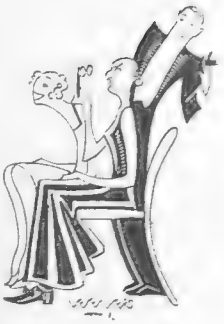
B. W.

Horse Inn," the very successful musical seen on the talkies if the voice test she singing records satisfactorily

only bow and smile and murmur "Thank you" to the flood of congratulations. He is a quiet, unaffected little man, with a powerful personality and a voice of remarkable volume and beauty. Many people at that party, and in the foyer at Drury Lane during the intervals, were wondering why he does not tackle grand opera. But he already has tackled grand opera. I heard him some years ago in Germany as Don José in *Carmen*, and very good he was. His father ran the opera house at Chemnitz, and in the company was a delightful singer who is now the wife of Mr. Charles Moor, who for so many years has been in charge of the production of the operas at Covent Garden.

COVENT GARDEN must be having a record season, for all the German operas are packed to capacity at every performance. If the Italian section proves equally popular there will, indeed, be smiles of satisfaction on the faces of those concerned when the big red curtain falls for the last time somewhere about the middle of July. I hear that there is more than a possibility of an autumn season in English with mainly English singers.

THE League of Nations Union in Great Britain, having got itself "up against" Lord Beaverbrook, is having heavy artillery moved against it from that powerful direction. I hope it may do its enthusiasts good. By which I mean, of course, that I hope it may do them harm. People who have not inquired too closely into the League of Nations Union are apt to regard it as a well-meaning organisation determined to do its best to stamp out war, which, of course, no one of any sanity wants. But the position is not quite so simple as that. The League is, in the first place, the bitterest enemy the British Empire has, for it regards the Empire, quite erroneously, as a swash-buckling concern inimical to the world's peace. At the same time—and this is its gravest danger—it is intent on bolstering up and aiding by every means in its power the most militaristic nation in the world—France. France has the League in her pocket. People like Lord Cecil of Chelwood either cannot see this or see it and approve of it. They approve of Britain being "committed to the hilt to participation in the whole wretched imbroglio of European entanglements."



FRANCE regards Germany as a serious enemy, intent on revenge one day. For that reason she is determined that Germany's industrial troubles shall not be relieved, not even by the obvious procedure of a Customs union with Austria. She wants to keep her foot on Germany's neck for ever and ever. Amen. France has suffered mightily from Germany, and she is, of course, entitled to any views on that point she may happen to have. But she is not entitled to expect that Britain will continue to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her, and that Geneva (where, thanks to politicians' blunders, Britain has about as much power or kudos as, say, Jugo-Slavia) will force us to keep our noses at that task.

WE can remain friendly with France so far as France's patent dislike of us can allow us to be. Many individual French people are charm itself, and it is always pleasant to pop over to Paris or lose money in the Casino at Cannes, and so forth. For heaven's sake don't let us cause ourselves unnecessary discomfort by squabbling with our traditional enemy. But, in this amiable desire for pleasantness all round, do not let us lose sight of the fact that France is out to dominate Europe, and that silly people in England are asking for subscriptions from English pockets to enable her to do so.

Two of the principal fun-makers in "White Horse Inn" at the Coliseum. Mary Lawson and George Gee come to grips at the open-air swimming bath

That is why, in a burst of strictly temporary seriousness, I say "To Hades with the League of Nations Union." Send them no subscriptions. Realise that the exhibitions of people, however eminent, who speak on the League's behalf are just so much muddle-headed bunkum.

AND now, as there is hot, sunny weather as I write, let us cool off and have a drink. Have you tried this as a "long" one? Sparkling lemonade, or tonic water, a tot of rum, and a lump of ice. Simple, cheap, and wonderfully effective.

By Seymour Hurley

"What kind of cigars would you like, madam?"
"Oh, any sort that gives coupons!"

Joan Craven

TAMARA KARSAVINA

Vice-President of the Camargo Society, whose aim is to produce original and classic ballet to subscription audiences four times a year. The Society's next performances will be on July 5 and 6. The idea has been warmly welcomed

CHALIAPINE followed Kreisler at the Dorchester Hotel the other Sunday night—Heavens, how the idea of world-famous musicians performing in London's hotels would have startled our grandfathers!—and was as dominating as ever. This week it is advertised that you can hear him for less money (though not if you buy a stall) at the Lyceum Theatre. Sir Thomas Beecham's season of Russian opera and ballet is a bold venture, particularly as, with the exception of Chaliapine himself, not one of his singers is well known and the operas, though some of them are new to London, are very far from being modern. Yet there is a tendency to regard almost anything that comes from Russia as new, and as no Russian operas at all are being given a little farther up Bow Street there is not really any clashing. If comparatively small capitals can support two or three opera houses simultaneously, surely London can support two, particularly as London did so in the days when it was not so large as it is now.

BOTH the Lyceum and Covent Garden are anxious for it to be made clear that they are not fighting each other. So much the better. Perhaps the Lyceum will now lend Chaliapine to Covent Garden for a night or so, and perhaps Covent Garden will lend the Lyceum Lotte Lehmann or Dr. Bruno Walter. And perhaps not.

LONDON'S taxis are getting better and better, though they are not getting cheaper and cheaper. Not only are the prices stiff, but so are the doors. In even the newest and most luxurious cab one still has to hurl oneself at the door, as if one were indulging in a football charge, before it will open. And if one wants the light on, one wants in vain. Taxis are about a dozen times the price of a bus, and it always seems inexplicable that these simple yet important aids to comfort should be neglected.

The Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, the son of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who, to relieve the boredom incidental to a rainy day, bought some modelling clay and tried his hand at a group showing "Apollo and Daphne." It was so good that a larger model of the group was accepted by the Royal Academy, and Mr. Coleridge, at 72 years of age, appears to have found a new vocation

FILM NOTES

THE MAGNETISM OF GEORGE ARLISS

By Lionel Collier

A dramatic struggle in a disused wharf on the river banks in "Down River," a film produced by Peter Godfrey, in which it is a pleasure to see such artistic shots of the River Thames instead of the Mississippi

Death to the double crosser! This is the punishment meted out by a fellow crook to another who attempts to carry a message to the police in "Down River," Gaumont's new thriller to be seen in London shortly

WHEN one talks of a new George Arliss picture one is merely talking of his performance; he dominates everything and subordinates everybody. I do not think I know of a more magnetic personality on the screen. It has been rumoured that he does not like too brilliant a cast with him, but that is surely disproved by the artists in his latest, and, to my mind, most delightful picture, "The Millionaire," which is due at the New Gallery.

THERE are such well-proven stage and screen actors as J. Farrell Macdonald, Tully Marshall, Sam Hardy, J. C. Nugent, and Noah Beery—the last-named, incidentally, has been known to dominate more than one picture. No, Arliss is a one-man band because of his acting and overpowering personality.

It is going too far to compare him with Sir Henry Irving, but yet he has much of that same essential magnetism.

IN "The Millionaire" Arliss plays one of his rare "modern dress" parts. It is based on a play, *Idle Hands*, with dialogue by Booth Tarkington. The star is a millionaire car manufacturer who is ordered rest by his doctor. He is, however, unable to keep from doing something, for work is life to him, and, pretending to be a poor man, he helps a young man successfully to run a garage in face of opposition. He does this without using his millions, and so finds a means of getting fit when his doctor's medicines had failed him.

It is all delightfully human, and George Arliss makes one feel personally interested both in the millionaire's health and his plans.

BY the way, his real wife, Florence Arliss, gives a very natural performance as his screen wife. She is an Englishwoman whose maiden name was Florence Montgomery, and she has appeared in several pictures with him, including "Disraeli," where once again she was cast in the very appropriate part of Dizzy's wife.

A young English actor, Bramwell Fletcher, who played in "Raffles" with Ronald Colman, shows to very good advantage in the juvenile lead.

ARE the French talkies going to get a real hold on the West End public? They deserve to, not only because they seem to be the only ones that

For once in a while in modern dress! George Arliss as the rich manufacturer who finds work makes him fit in "The Millionaire," his latest picture, now at the New Gallery

Diana Beaumont, Franklyn Dyall and Mary Jerrold, in a scene from "Alibi," a new British picture adapted from the stage play of the same name

are trying to discover in the combination of picture and sound a new medium of artistic expression, but also because they are giving us some very fine artists.

At the Palace, the Rialto, the Phœnix, and the Academy, Oxford Street, their appearance has been warmly acclaimed. After all, it will be remembered that in the earlier days it was the French and Italians who led the way and whose product was world-renowned.

In the latest French picture at the Academy there are three artists of outstanding merit in Pierre Batcheff, Danielle Parola, who has a touch of Marlene Dietrich about her, and Jacques Varenne.

These artists do not rely on their good looks as laid down in American rules for stars; they live the types they represent, and with a naturalness that is far removed from the average conception of the excitable French screen artist.

They have repose and study the requirements of the camera by slowing down their gestures and movements.

S

As in "Sous les Toits de Paris," there is no need to understand French to follow the adventures of an absconding bank clerk, who meets a crook, and through the influence of his mistress returns to cover his defalcations—and marry the woman.

The last touch is a bit trite, perhaps, but it nevertheless has the air of sincerity because of the excellence of acting and production.

Although the story is slight, it compels the interest and has the thrill of anticipation which comes from a well-constructed plot.

If films of this description get the support they deserve there will certainly be a permanent French season running in London.

S

After the undoubted success of "The Ringer" I had looked forward to Leslie Hiscott's adaptation of another crime play, "Alibi." He has made two or three extremely good detective films, but his "Alibi" is extremely artificial, and the conclusion, with its revealing of the man who had murdered Sir Roger Ackroyd, the local squire, comes without any logical sequence of circumstances. It is like a conjuror producing rabbits out of a hat. We do not know how he did it.

Phyllis Konstam in the title rôle of "Tilly of Bloomsbury," is overawed by the luxury of her fiancé's home

In the play the reasoning of the French detective who discovers the murderer is led up to step by step. Here "red herrings" reign supreme, and they are not even fresh. It is a pity because the acting is good. Once again we have Franklyn Dyall playing extremely well as the squire, and Austin Trevor very much at ease as the French detective.

There is a silly-ass part played by John Deverell—he does it very well—the effect of which is completely to submerge the drama and make everything seem hopelessly artificial.

S

Both the leading women in the cast, Mercia Swinburne and Diana Beaumont, are good, and they have voices which, in contrast to the accents which we are getting more and more accustomed to hear, are thoroughly attractive. I could have wished that they had had parts which gave them more opportunities. They deserve them, anyway. Taking it all in all, I am afraid I cannot find a really satisfactory alibi for "Alibi."

The broker's man, played by Sydney Howard provides the one bright spot in an otherwise rather indifferent screen version of "Tilly of Bloomsbury," an adaptation of Ian Hay's successful stage play

FRANCES DAY

The attractive artist who recently scored a great success in Paris, where she was appearing in cabaret, at the "Monseigneur" and the "Casanova." She is now back in London, where she has been adding to her laurels at Nash's Club and the May Fair Hotel

SOME DÉBUTANTES TO MAKE THEIR

Janet Jevons

MISS ELIZABETH GARDNER

Who was presented at the second Court on May 20th. Her father, Mr. T. E. Gardner, is the Managing Director of Yardley's

Pearl Freeman

THE HON. SYLVIA MAITLAND

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Thirlestane. She is another of this year's débutantes

Hay Wrightson

MISS HELEN MANNINGHAM-BULLER

The third daughter of Sir Mervyn and the Hon. Lady Manningham-Buller. She is among the season's débutantes

Van Dyk

Marion Lewis

MISS MARY MACDONALD

Another of this season's débutantes to be presented at Court. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Macdonald, D.S.O., and Mrs. R. J. Macdonald, of One Oak, Camberley

MISS MARGARET MACRAE

Who was presented by her mother, Lady Margaret MacRae. She is the granddaughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Bute, who gave a dance for her on May 12th

MISS CLAUDIA CRICH

The younger daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crich Ramsay, who was presented at the First Court. Tue June 19th at the Dorchester Hotel by Mrs. Jardine V

EIR CURTSEYS AT THIS YEAR'S COURTS.

Hay Wrightson

MISS JASMINE BLIGH

Who makes her début in Society this year. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Noel Bligh, D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh

Lenare

MISS DIANA WILSON

Who comes out this season. Her mother, Mrs. Minto Wilson, recently gave a dance in honour of the event

MISS EDITH MARTIN

Presented at the Court on May 19th. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Martin, her father being the General Representative of the Curtis Publishing Company

Bassano

Marion Lewis

A CRICHTON-STUART

Ninian Crichton-Stuart and of Mrs. Archibald Maule Court. Two dances are being given for her, one on . Jardine White, and one on July 1st by her mother

MISS ELIZABETH MONTAGU-POLLOCK

The daughter of Sir Montagu and Lady Montagu-Pollock. She was presented at one of this month's Courts by her aunt, the Countess of Glasgow

Bertram Park

LADY HELEN HAY

The débutante daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale. Her mother is giving a dance for her on May 27th

PICTURESQUE NORWAY—THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Norway is yearly growing in popularity as an ideal country to visit during the summer months. No visitor to the Land of the Midnight Sun can fail to be profoundly impressed by the natural beauties of this friendly land where fiords, lakes, mountains, and valleys combine in presenting a picture of varied loveliness hard to surpass. Above is seen a glimpse of picturesque little Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world; whilst in the centre is seen the Höga Bridge, spanning the waters that rush down the lovely Fläm Valley near Myrdal. Norway is within twenty-four hours' journey from England, and twice a week the new motor-ship "Venus," of the B. & N. Royal Mail Line, Ltd., whose offices are at 25, Whitehall, S.W.1, where full details are obtainable, does the trip from Newcastle to Bergen in 21 hours. With so quick and comfortable a service, more people than ever will doubtless visit Norway this year

The flourishing seaport of Bergen, which affords so many visitors their first glimpse of Norway. It is is within a day's run of Newcastle by the new motor-ship "Venus"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

POT AND KETTLE

by JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

"BUT you *are* worried, dear!"

He shook his head, and she smiled.

"If you imagine, Harry," she said, "that I've been married to you all this time and can't yet read the signals on your face you must have a very low opinion of the intelligence of women."

"I thought," he answered, "that you were going to say 'intuition.' I've always been frightened to death of intuition!"

But she divined that he was trying to keep the tone of their conversation to the trivial. She hung on like a bull-dog.

"One would like to feel," she murmured, "that one might be some kind of help."

He sighed very gently. This was the old opening gambit—a little later on the whole thing would veer round to an accusation that she was not trusted, that she was a "doll-woman." Ridiculous, of course, because doll-women never bothered whether their husbands are worried or not. And Harry Sampson adored this woman. She was twenty-eight when he married her. He had been forty. She had seemed a child to him then. She did still, though they had been married six years. Vera—it had always seemed to him a severe kind of name for one so light-hearted—had met him, as people do meet nowadays, at a party—playing absurd games. Her sense of fun marched with his own—ahead of it, indeed; and, even before that evening was out, he discovered that he only had one ambition left in the world. A week later he had asked her to be his wife. He knew nothing of her. Her people, she told him, were dead. Her father was a retired solicitor who had taken a little place in Worcestershire. She had no relations she knew of. She admitted frankly, as the women of our time will, thank God, that she loved him, and they were married some few days later at a Register Office, without benefit of clergy, but none the less sincere for that. And the very best kind of friends they had been ever since.

It's an annoying thing to the intelligentsia, but marriage *does* come off sometimes.

She marked his sigh, and laughed softly.

"OH, no, my dear," she said, "I'm not going to do the little wife who's left in the dark! And if you don't want to tell me, I'd hate you to. Only, for the sake of my own self-respect, I must insist on you realising that I know perfectly well that you are worried!"

So things were back where they started. A manœuvre at which all women are artists—only charming women do it charmingly, and the others maddeningly.

"If you *must* know, my darling," he said, "things are a bit dicky in the business."

"That's rotten," she answered; "but you can't think you're going to get away, Harry, with little mannish phrases like 'a bit dicky.' If we're broke, let's face it!"

"Oh, we're not *broke*," he laughed.

"Got to take a reef in the weekly books, eh?" She said it as if it were the easiest thing in the world to do, though she watched every penny of their expenditure already. He said nothing. He looked at his toes and tapped his teeth with the forefinger of his left hand.

"Are we badly stung, Harry?" she asked.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's not the kind of thing one expects one's wife to have to understand."

"You insult me!" she cried merrily, but her heart was thumping against her ribs.

"I'll tell you," he said. "We took on a rather bigger thing than we usually do. That was all right, for . . . when it's completed . . . the money is there for us. But," he hesitated, "we made ourselves liable for rather more outgoings than . . . than we expected. And—well, I'm a little bothered to find the ready cash."

"I see," she answered, and inside her acute mind she was saying to herself, "What's the use of telling me that when the whole point is the amount?"

He went on in a kind of apologetic tone. Rather, she thought, looking at the eyes which avoided hers—rather like a naughty schoolboy.

"One could, of course," he said, "borrow on the security of the contract. But it would not do a young firm like ours any good—or an old firm, either!" He added the last sentence a little defiantly, as though one might say, "After all, it's a thing that might happen to anybody."

BUT he wouldn't look at her, for all that. And she, following every intonation in his voice and every thought in his very honest, open mind, said nothing. For she knew that it was all rather pitiful. He had, two years ago, resigned his position as a salaried engineer in a big firm to join forces with a friend and buy out a small business for themselves. They had done—not too badly—in a small way. Now, it appeared—a bigger bait than usual having come their way—they had overreached themselves. She looked at Harry again. There was no doubt about it; even at forty-six he retained the qualities and defects of his schoolboy nature. She could see him when the offer of the contract came in; his heart leaping. Then the anxious totting up of possibilities—and, probably, the throwing down of the cramping facts, and the "Oh, hell, let's gamble on it! Nothing venture . . ." And a dozen other convenient proverbs on top of that. Dear,

Illustrated by J. PARKER ROBINSON

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"Then, quite calmly, he said: 'May I read your letter?' She handed it to him"

generous old Harry, who'd taken her and married her out of the blue, and given her the happiest years she'd ever known. *That* had been a bit of a gamble, too . . .

"The point is," she said, "what's the damage?"

"Absurdly small," he replied. "That is—for any firm with . . . with a margin."

"Figures, Harry, please!"

"My dear kid, why the devil should you bother with figures?"

"It's not generally known," she answered lightly, "but I do it with the cook every Saturday morning."

"Well," he said slowly, "it's like this. By the end of the week we'll have to find the best part of fifteen hundred pounds. We can do six of it, and, as I say, we can borrow. Only—it would be a damned awful pity . . . we're just getting a bit of a name. These things can be done privately, of course, only, you see, the moment we gave our security . . . you can't trust people to hold their tongues, and competition's keen. Most business is bluff, Vera. If other firms got the idea that Sampson and Kirk hadn't any reserve behind them . . ." He broke off and tapped his teeth again. "Well," he added, "I suppose we'll have to risk that!"

"What you want, then," she said, "is nine hundred pounds?"

He nodded, and then laughed, not too easily.

"You make it sound as if we could go and call for it at the chemist's," he said.

"No need to be tragic, is there, Harry?"

He rose and took a cigarette from a box.

"Tragic?" he said. "My dear kid—we shall borrow, of course. It will be all right!"

"All right, of course," she answered, "but taking a risk with the firm's reputation. I don't want you to do that, Harry. The firm's got to take no risks. It's just on . . . on the springboard."

He gazed at the smoke spiralling up from his cigarette. More like a depressed schoolboy than ever, she thought.

"That may be," he said, "but there's nothing else to be done."

That was so like a man, she thought—to state his little problem and his little result, and to say, Napoleon-wise, that there was nothing else to be done! When, of course, there were ten million other things to be done. For instance . . .

He gave a sudden little laugh.

"Anyway, don't you worry your old head about it," he said. "Let's go to a talkie." And they did.

But the next morning, after he had gone to the office, Vera went up to her bedroom and locked herself in and took from the deeps of a heavy cash-box a small and rather battered jeweller's case, in which lay a pendant, barbaric in the roughness of its setting and the size of its stones, with an enormous emerald in the centre and large yellow diamonds all about it. In the lid of the box was a note, and this, too, she took out and read.

It ran thus: "This Pendant was once the property of Catherine the Great of Russia, to whom it was brought as a gift by the first Indian prince who ever penetrated as far as Moscow. It was

(*Continued on page 398*)

A SCANDINAVIAN SCREEN BEAUTY

A new camera study of the attractive Norwegian actress, Greta Nissen, who stars in Fox Films. She made her first appearance as a ballet dancer, later acted on the stage, and finally played with great success in "Fazil." She is at present working on "Transatlantic," but her latest picture, "Women of All Nations," will be seen in London shortly

POT AND KETTLE (continued from page 396)

bought by me from M. Lières, the Paris jeweller, in 1912, for £1,800, and his firm has a copy of the pendant's pedigree.—GEORGE KRANT, Dec. 24, 1923."

Now George Krant was not only notorious for his immense wealth. His name had become, even as Casanova, a household word for fast living. They said he kept a harem at the huge house in Surrey, but then, of course, when a man has flouted the conventions as openly and consistently as had George Krant people will say anything. Still, it is certain that his mistresses were legion, and that he treated them with extreme generosity . . .

Vera put the pendant back into its box, and took it downstairs. After lunch she would decide exactly where she would sell it

During the afternoon she visited a Bond Street jeweller whose name is as much a household word as George Krant's, where a sleek young man turned the pendant over between his tapering fingers and peered earnestly at the stones through his glass. Vera found it difficult to hand him over Krant's guarantee of the pendant's history, but the young man read it through gravely, without the twitch of an eyelid. It was as he read it that she noticed that there was something written on the back—she had, as a matter of fact, never taken the paper out of the lid of the box since she had received it.

"Darling Vera," she read, "as a slight return for all the wonderful times . . ." But before she could get any farther the young man had placed the piece of notepaper on the counter.

"If you will allow me," he said, "I should like to consult a colleague about this." And before she could say anything at all, he had left her and taken the pendant and the note with him. She found herself tingling all over her body. The young man and his "colleague" were, no doubt, chuckling over that paper in some inner fastness of their own. Well . . . it couldn't be helped.

It was not long before the sleek young man returned with a middle-aged and courtly gentleman by his side. Vera found herself unable to take her eyes from the counter. The middle-aged gentleman began to talk.

". . . actual value of the stones themselves not great . . . as so often, in pieces of that period . . . backed in such a way as to give a false impression. The historical value, however, . . . but, as Madame would, of course, see, that would depend on the finding of a buyer . . . prepared, however, to take the risk of offering £1,200 for the pendant, contingent, of course, on taking up the Paris reference. Would that offer appeal to Madame, at all?"

Vera nodded.

"Yes. I'll take that," she murmured.

The middle-aged man inserted the note in the lid again and closed the box.

"No doubt Madame would like the little matter put through as soon as possible?" They could telephone through to Paris that afternoon. M. Lières was a good friend of theirs. Madame should hear immediately . . . The address?

She found herself on the pavement, looking vaguely for a bus. No use asking for the note back. That might have made them suspicious, and, anyway, what did it really matter? But she felt utterly wretched about it, all the same. Yet, on the way home, her spirits rose. She'd been able to help Harry out of his hole all right. That was the only thing that mattered.

By dinner-time she was in the highest of spirits. She hinted to Harry that she might have a surprise for him, and Harry pretended to an intense excitement which he did not feel, for he'd had a grim day with his partners, coming to a decision. Also, when women said that, he had a vague idea that they meant they were going to have babies, and he couldn't help feeling that that would about put the lid on it.

They did a cross-word puzzle after dinner, and then the maid brought in the whisky and the post. Only one letter—for Mrs. Sampson. Thank you. She opened it carelessly, her mind centred on a word of seven letters meaning "outraged"—and when she took the letter out of the envelope something fluttered to the floor. She hardly noticed it as she read the letter.

"DEAR MADAME,—We find from M. Lières that all is in order and they have the history of the Pendant. We, therefore, confirm our offer of £1,200, and should like to hear from you if this is acceptable. We find that the note of the Pendant's history enclosed in the box has on the back a communication of a private nature. We, therefore, return it to you herewith.

"Yours faithfully."

The firm were as renowned for their old-world courtesy as for their business acumen. Meanwhile, Harry had stooped down and picked up the note. And, as Vera looked up from her letter, she saw him standing on the hearthrug, reading it. She said nothing. There was nothing to say. She watched him turn it over and read the other side. Then she noticed that his eyes closed for a moment, and that the paper fluttered in his fingers. Then, quite calmly, he said:

"May I read your letter?"

She handed it to him. He seemed to be a long time getting to the end of it. Then he put both hands behind his back, and stood quite still.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"What?"

"This . . . the note . . . Krant." He spoke like a machine-gun with a damaged bore.

"Yes."

"You were his mistress?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence. She expected her heart to race, but it seemed almost to disappear. She sat still, thinking how much she loved this man. And he was so honest, his code so very . . . so very Public School. No good to try to make excuses. It wasn't a thing he could understand. Poverty . . . trying to keep in the swim . . . a bit tight one evening at a night-club . . . and Krant—well, Krant had been charming—all through, and damned generous as well . . . Couldn't explain any of that to Harry, though. Yet Krant had given her her chance. No doubt about that. If he hadn't happened to be there—the next thing would have been the streets. And he'd been kind and considerate, all through—morals or not. If Harry was going to curse him she'd have to be loyal. No good pretending she was the little innocent led astray. And even if it was any good, she was damned if she'd do it. She'd had her eyes open—she knew what she was doing. It seemed a hell of a time since Harry spoke. She wanted to scream. Six years, and she still loved him more than anything in the world. But that would count for nothing. . .

Then suddenly he laughed, in a queer, strangled way.

"Pot and kettle!" he said. "Pot and kettle!"

She gasped and stared at him.

"What . . what do you mean?" she asked.

He crumpled the papers into a small ball in his fist.

"Two years ago," he said, "when I was a salaried man, and we had been married four years . . . we . . were overspending a bit and I got into a hole. There was no way out. One evening, at a night-club, I happened to get introduced to Krant. I was tight, and I told him all my troubles. I got home and went to bed. The next morning I found a note asking me to call on Krant. I hardly remembered the name—still less what I'd told him. But I went. Krant put up the money for Sampson and Kirk . . . on no security whatever. I remember asking him what he did it for—but he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. I took the money——"

"But," she said, "that is nothing . . . that . . ."

"Just listen. I took that money from Krant, knowing that I had called him an immoral swine and blackballed him for my club. See?"

She was silent.

"It's all very well to get on stilts about things—but I think it's a difficult thing to decide which of us can chuck stones at the other."

"Why did you tell me this?" she asked.

"Because—when I read that damned note, I found that I loved you just as much as if it had never happened. But . . . I couldn't forgive you from a vast height, knowing what *I'd* done. So . . . don't you see, Vera . . . if you'll forgive me . . . I . . ."

"I love you so," she whispered in a voice that shook.

"Pot and kettle," he repeated.

Grossly immoral and immensely satisfactory. J. H. T.

THE POWER OF PAUL ROBESON

Paul Robeson is appearing at the Ambassadors Theatre in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" as Robert Smith (Yank). He is a fireman on board an ocean liner, and is seen above on the ground in the fo'c'sle overpowered by his companions in a friendly spirit in order to prevent him going berserk

Yank thinks himself a great guy, but his self-esteem is shattered when he is described as a "hairy ape," and the picture below shows him previous to the insult indulging in a cheery chat with Paddy (Sydney Morgan), a philosophic Irishman who finds alcohol a solace in a hectic life

PERSONALITY IN DRESS

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

A novel way to treat a red, hand-knitted jersey is to cross it over in front and knot it at the waist. The skirt is white cross striped with a red line. *Model Schiaparelli*

WHATEVER good resolutions we may have formed regarding our expenditure, there is something about the bright freshness of a May morning that makes new clothes a necessity. Makeshifts simply won't do. Yet there are those who will never realise what may be called one of the dress laws of nature and are always caught napping, having to do that last-minute shopping in a violent hurry that is so tiresome for all concerned. While fashions for England must definitely be of a more practical trend than other countries, we as a nation do appear to suffer from an umbrella complex, convinced that if it is not raining now it soon will be. Perhaps we are unduly pessimistic about this temperamental climate of ours; certain it is that it is not so easy to keep immaculate as in the place where the sun is kinder.

NOTHING can be more attractive to wear at the moment than the crisp little lingerie blouses with buttonholes to match which accompany our tailor suits. And, happily, these are back in favour both in their most severe or "dressmaker" styles, short of coat, belted or single buttoned. There is also the tailor or coat frock which simulates a coat and skirt, not to mention the season's other favourite, the frock and short coat, often in contrasting colour. Thus we are as sensibly dressed for the morning as the heart of woman may desire, while we leave the keynote of chic to be carried by the hat, gloves and shoes as complements. Quite charming, too, is the blouse that matches the lining of your coat, and the said coat may be reversible. So there are a host of practical ideas to start the day with.

CHIEF amongst our dress troubles is the fact that London *is* the grimiest of cities. Why is it, by the way, that someone doesn't hustle up cleaning operations a bit? Both in Paris and New York one can get things cleaned or dyed literally in a few hours—some twenty-four if you are really pressed. A New York shoe shop once offered to dye a pair of satin shoes *while I waited*! Why

isn't such service possible here where it is most wanted and at equally low prices? What a boon it would be to harassed dressmakers who have to wait for things some ten days or a fortnight. In a world of work-wanters, why doesn't some enterprising soul start this, and for heaven's sake tell the world about it! It is aching to know.

QUITE a number of French dressmakers are turning their eyes towards London as a smart centre. They are quick to realise that there is an increasing fashion sense in England, and the French dress shows in Mayfair are becoming more frequent. The younger generation, about whom we are always hearing such unpleasant home "truths" (why are "truths" always unpleasant, I wonder?), are showing a far greater flair for clothes than many of their fond mammas. English youth invariably possesses the long slim lines a couturier loves to hang his clothes on, while often by her own efforts she has a little more money to spend. The result is apparent in her chic and good dressing, all of which helps trade and brings the buyers here who always follow smart women.

AN interesting point of view was put forward by Mr. Alan George, an Englishman who has joined the ranks of Paris dressmakers (why, too, is it always a *man*?). He considers that women should study their own personality more and not be guided so much by others wearing models which, he declares, become uniforms; sure that it *must* be right because it comes from so and so. He says that if any client does not like any of the models he shows he will create one specially for her to express *her* own individuality. He also considers that all this return to femininity in dress and the long skirt is not the idea of the dressmakers at all, but merely what women wished themselves, possibly subconsciously, and the great couturiers, as students of feminine psychology, expressed their wishes in the models they were looking for.

FURTHER, Mr. George thinks that there is at present no one who caters for the middle-class woman with a slender purse. She cannot afford to pay to big prices, and is forced to resort, therefore, to the little dressmaker, who always sews so exquisitely and cleverly in Paris. It is his idea to produce dresses for such a class. His models were characterised with an individuality, and did not show the copying tendency which is so often a feature of the smaller house.

ANOTHER comparatively new house is that of Mainbocher, and this American in Paris has designed frocks which are certainly symptomatic of the new art era, for he manages to convey modernity in clothes, even though they be for an Eve in a more feminine mood. His evening frocks are rather long, and he uses heavy crêpe romain and a certain amount of taffeta. He favours tunic effects and pointed basques, rather like the sheath of a flower, from which the skirt emerges in fuller folds and falls to the ground. His necklines are original, and show many draped effects, often one-sided, while flowers are made in the same material as the frock.

B. B. E.

An effective hat in black and white paille d'Italie, whose scalloped brim frames the face in a becoming halo. Model Marcelle Lely

THE GREAT EIGHT AT PLAY

COMPETITORS AT THE IFIELD GOLF CLUB, SUSSEX

Colonel G. C. Morphett ("Tatler") driving from the first tee, with the Club-house in the background. His opponent, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vuell Vuvyan, is seen in the foreground

The Golf Circle of the Great Eight playing their competition on the excellent links of the Ifield Golf Club at Crawley, Sussex

Mr. W. W. J. Studd bunkered approaching the eighth green. If he did not win, his badinage was unequalled

Mr. W. C. Nisbett (Secretary, Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.), driving from the short sixth tee

Mr. J. Jennings ("Tatler") driving from the sixth tee

Capt. A. G. Young ("I.L.N.") driving from the sixth tee, a tricky green plastered with bunkers. With his partner, Mr. Alan Bott ("Graphic"), he won the Doubles Bogey Competition in the afternoon. Second from the right is Mr. C. Bicknell ("Sketch"), who won the Singles Competition with a net score of 76

Mr. Dudley Maddick ("Sporting and Dramatic News") driving off from the third tee on the course at Ifield

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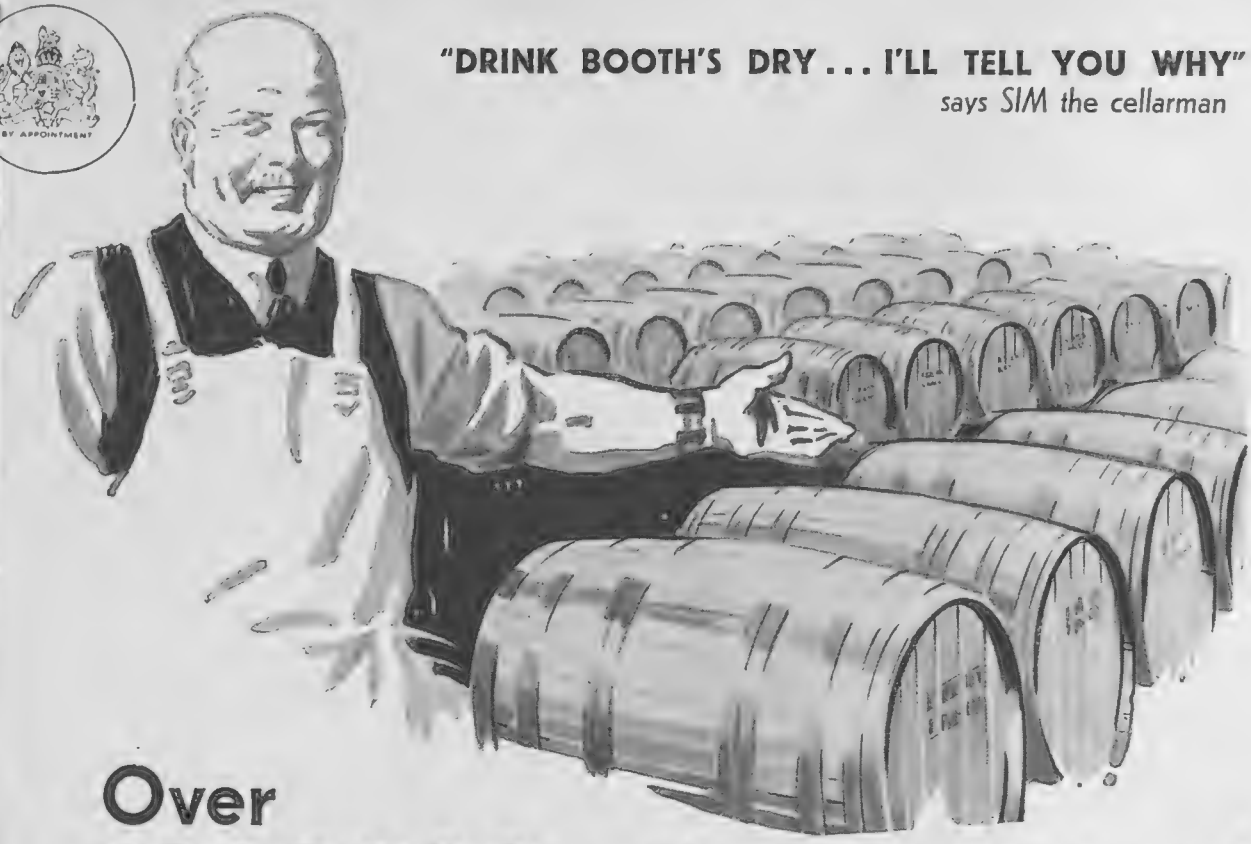

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PARIS GOSSIP

A PEEP AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

By Sylvia Lyon

The Jackson Girls, the troupe of British dancers who are so popular in Berlin, seen in one of their numbers at the Scala Theatre there. Their Stetsons, Tuxados and horn-rimmed glasses supply the authentic Yankee note

Another photograph of the Jackson Girls in Berlin. English dancers enjoy an enormous popularity on the Continent, where such troupes as the Jacksons and the Tillers are as famous as Charlie Chaplin. The girls seen above have become deservedly popular at the Scala in Berlin, where their original dances and numbers are outstanding successes

ENGLAND (oh *my*, England!) has not seen fit to take part in the International Overseas Exhibition in the Bois de Vincennes. It is too bad; one would think that perhaps Great Britain has no Colonies, so reticent and shy has the British Government been about participating.

IT is a beautiful show, set under the fragrant trees of the natural woods, with here and there a cluster of newly imported exotic trees darkly setting off the brilliant walls of some native fortress or shaggy, straw-roofed, stilted big-game hut. Belgium has three stunning cone-shaped houses from the Congo (what style these wild black architects have); Italy presents a majestic reconstruction of the basilica of Septimus Severus in Tripoli and the Street of the Island Chevaliers in Rhodes; the United States is here with a perfect replica of Mount Vernon, the last foreign pavilion to be started and the first to be finished, with an adjacent display of three thousand orchids from the Philippines and a jazz band of American Indians (University Indians), but England is not here. But India is.

THE AGA KHAN is the head of a committee of Indian Princes who have been personally responsible for the three palaces which will contain everything enjoyable India has to offer, from Rajput paintings to curried dishes in the restaurant. There is a Palestine pavilion with a replica of the Tomb of Rachel and exhibits of the products and industries of the Zionist colonisers. So much at a first glance on opening day of the foreign section.

THE whole exhibition has been created and presented with the perfect taste and genius the French have for spectacle. But there is a great deal behind this colourful surface; the French are the greatest moral diplomatists in the world; they never underrate the intelligence of the people, and never ignore their sense of beauty and enjoyment. It is a synthesis of all the French have to offer in the way of charm and creative ingenuity.

LET us start off by being practical; the Metropolitan section has for nucleus a vast building of modern design suggestive of a great transatlantic liner in silhouette and disposition of the windows. Here are the electric, mechanical, automotive railway transport displays, the merchant marine and the mining and industrial chemistry exhibits. Near by are pavilions for the display of Eastern and African woods, the tobacco monopoly, agricultural machinery, the Press building, and the book show. The palace of de luxe industries, not yet installed, will contain exhibits of interior decoration, furniture, fashions, perfumes, and Parisian novelties.

It is in the edifice called the Information City that Great Britain will display maps, globes and photographs!

NOTHING in the French Colonial scheme of Empire has been forgotten; there are two buildings devoted to religious missions abroad; the Beaux Arts palace near the lake will have exhibitions of French paintings illustrating French conquest, military and æsthetic, from Delacroix to

IN THE PUBLIC EYE IN PARIS

M. Gerard de Launay (left), who is the Assistant Chef du Cabinet of Maréchal Lyautey, the Commissioner-General of the French Colonial Exhibition in Paris. On the right is M. Vatin-Perignon, the Secretary-General of the Exhibition, which is attracting to Paris visitors from all over the world

Gaugin. The Colonial section, properly speaking, has been done beautifully and with a great sense of selection and authority: Madagascar is an architectural composition in red, with the palace of the Hova dynasty and its great abrupt flight of stairs, and the adjoining Bucrane tower with the steers' heads atop. The grey mass of the temple of Angkor-Vat has been brightened by two columns of cylindrical yellow pennants, making the whole monument come to life. Near at hand, in native architecture, are the pavilions of Laos, Cochin-China, Annam, native fishing huts and hunting lairs, Arab palaces of Syria and Lebanon, with souvenirs of the Crusades: Tahiti, St. Pierre, Martinique, a wonderful ensemble of the old French Colonial civilisation that makes you think of Pierre Loti, "Paul and Virginia," even of Paul Morand's "Magie Noire."

I FOUND the best place to see the inaugural ceremony in the Musée de Colonies was from a balcony just under the roof. Looking down the officials' platform was a sea of pink faces fronting the audience, which looked like a forest seen from the air. President Doumergue, at his last official appearance before the new election, had, on his right, the young Emperor of Annam, who has been a student in Paris for the past few years, and who looked, in his native costume, like a little golden god. Beside the Emperor was the Papal Nuncio in his violet robes. On the President's left was Premier Laval, and beside him was Marshal Lyautey. Although the Marshal was in horizon blue there were several officers in the new (and pre-War) dress uniform of red tunic and pale grey trousers. I speak of the sight, for I will never again be able to listen to speeches without recalling "City Lights."

ONE of the secretaries of the Italian Embassy has a low-built Lancia in the roof of which are two little curtains. These pulled aside reveal deep-set turquoise-blue windows. I asked if these were for the purpose of seeking glimpses of the moon, but the owner (of the Lancia, not of the moon) said: "No, I had them built in to give a little more head-room to top hats." I am surprised that more coachbuilders do not take this innovation seriously; it would have saved a lot of pained looks on the faces of officials who have been so occupied this week driving out to the Colonial Exhibition, or driving about town for the openings of various art exhibitions, if extra space had been allowed for their imposing top-hats.

I MUST say that top-hats and morning coats wandering about the grounds of the Colonial Exhibition did look rather out of the picture. The cannibals and pygmies, in turn, should be taken to tea at the Ritz. ("Don't bother to dress, come just as you are.") Out at Vincennes I saw several big "buck niggers" wandering about dressed to kill, hoping to be mistaken by photographers for Negro Deputies.

WILLIAM SEABROOK, the author of "Magic Island," who should have been wearing a topee and shorts, but who did not, was out there the other day as a sort of reporter-at-large-and-de-luxe. So was Count Karolyi, the exiled first President of Hungary, with his beautiful wife and his two very young and very tall daughters.

Photographs *Sasha*

MME. VATIN-PERIGNON

The wife of the Secretary-General of the Colonial Exhibition in Paris. She is seen with her youngest son, Michel

And that man whose name was once so fearful and who is so good-humoured and amusing a person, Alexander Kerensky, grown a little fat, and perfectly happy now that he has settled down to a quiet life in Paris, walking about with Jean Lurçat, the painter. The favourite gathering place for tea (the exhibition so far closes at eight o'clock) is Potel and Chabot, completely installed in a red pavilion of Indo-Chinese style, facing Lake Daumesnil. S. L.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SNOBBISHNESS, SLAYERS AND SPIES

By "Junius"

MR. CECIL ROBERTS'S autobiography, written at the age of thirty-five, *Half-Way* (Hutchinson: 10*s.* 6*d.*) is really interesting. But I have a quarrel with Mr. Roberts about the book. Its snobbishness is irritating beyond measure.

Mr. Roberts has done notable work in his thirty-five years. Nine novels stand in his name, two volumes of poetry, and a poetic drama. Add to these the positions of civil servant, schoolmaster, journalist, war correspondent, editor, parliamentary candidate, lecturer, and traveller. A life of gripping, exciting interest, all the more interesting because he created it for himself after a bitter family calamity in his early youth which no average boy could have surmounted. A record of which any man could be rightfully proud.

LITERALLY, he conquered an adverse fate by will power and unceasing work—and then he prattles about the rich and great, duchesses and countesses, as if they were of more moment!

In the first chapter, on his way from the railway station at Venice, there is a positive drench of rich foreign and Italian-titled folk inhabiting various palaces. This gives Mr. Roberts away. He is a hard worker, a clever and successful writer, but he does love titles. Personally, I find a frank, outspoken snobbishness amusing, such as "I dined with the Duchess of Tush last night." There you are, quite plain and explicit. Your informant wanted you to know that he had dined with the duchess and told you so.

But what irritates me more than I can say is the snobbism indirect. And of that Mr. Roberts, in his autobiography, is a master. I leave it to you to decide if my opinion is unjust. I quote from his last page.

"In boyhood I read of astrakhan-coated boyars driving a sleigh with bells jingling through the snow-mantled forest of fir, little knowing that, so clad and driven, I should be swept into the mediæval courtyard of a Polish Schloss. I cannot yet believe the chasseur of Fürstenstein, majestically uniformed, one of an army of nearly three hundred servants in a house of six hundred bedrooms."

WHY couldn't Mr. Roberts say that he had paid a visit to Prince and Princess Pless without all this silly rigmarole?

And he is wrong in his geography. Fürstenstein, which Princess Pless has described so vividly in her second book of memoirs, is in Silesia, so there could have been nothing Polish about Mr. Roberts's visit.

MISS HELEN SIMPSON

Whose new novel, "'Vantage Striker" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page. It deals with the murder of a Prime Minister

Myself, I know nothing more irritating than inferential snobbery. In my opinion, Mr. Roberts has spoiled a story of brave endeavour and success by the perpetual suggestion that he sits and holds hands with the highly placed in half the capitals of Europe. Well, I suppose we all have our weaknesses. But it is a pity when you let that sort of thing dominate success and position, won, literally, at the cannon's mouth, when you are thirty-five.

THE first thing that jumps to your eyes in reading *'Vantage Striker* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Helen Simpson, is the description of a tennis match. It is just like watching a hotly contested struggle at Wimbledon. But after that it is all fantastic. A young man, acting as a Government messenger, is accused of murdering a Prime Minister in a house which is obviously meant to be Chequers—it is called High Bliss in the book. I wonder which name our various Prime Ministers who have sojourned there would think the more appropriate?

Of course, any story is possible, but there are impossibilities in Miss Simpson's novel which leave me wondering. In taking a Prime Minister as the victim of an apparent machination she has flown too high, for the simple reason that our Prime Ministers—whether they like it or not—are too well guarded. Her story would have been effective with a manufacturer, owning a secret invention, as the destined corpse. As it is, you say, "Fiddle, and what a pity so clever a writer as Miss Simpson has made fausse route." Why, and oh! why, drag in a Prime Minister when there was the rest of the world to choose from?

I CAN imagine much perturbation arising in "high places" from Sir Basil Thomson's *The Allied Secret Service in Greece* (Hutchinson: 21*s.*). In a portly volume based on knowledge which came his way as Director of Intelligence, and before, Sir Basil sets out to prove that the situation in Greece during the War was largely due to the Allies themselves, and that "if Greece had been tactfully and honourably handled she would have fought on the side of the Allies from the beginning; her king would still have been on the throne, and the Allies would have been spared many humiliations." He attributes the disasters in Greece to one man, Commander de Roquefeuil, of the French Navy and French Intelligence Officer in Athens. A curious story of "matters of State and of might; things that great Ministers do."

SPEAKING personally—and that's because I saw so many guns and rifles shot off in the War—I wish there could come an end to revolver shots in books and on the films. People read about the revolver shots; they see them. But neither in books nor on the films do they see or realise the hideous result!

But in such a setting in which Mr. Val Gielgud has placed his brilliantly original story, *Imperial Treasure* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), I suppose there must be pistols. They are the only way out of amazing difficulties. *Imperial Treasure* is one of those books which rather baffle the reviewer. If he says too much he gives the author's secrets away. If he says too little he is unfair to originality of conception and a cumulative interest in events. So, since the author himself ties my hands by his cleverness and ingenuity, I can only say, if you want to read an original, thrilling book, get *Imperial Treasure*. I can go so far as to give you this indication. The treasure was the Imperial jewels of the Russian Crown. What happened to them you must read for yourselves.

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GOLF GOSSIP

WHEN IS A SHOT NOT A SHOT?

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

A general view of the second green at Selsdon Park Golf Club, when the younger generation, represented by Henry Cotton and A. J Lacey, beat the more elderly Abe Mitchell and George Duncan in hollow fashion. Lacey is seen putting on the left

A. J. Lacey, Henry Cotton, George Duncan and Abe Mitchell photographed outside the club-house at Selsdon Park

J. H. TAYLOR recently wrote, "Nothing is more detrimental to a pupil's progress than an attempt to cram into his head all those little, and often useless, variations of grip, stance and swing." The truth of this has been forcibly brought home to me by a very curious experience which befell me a few days ago. I was playing in a three-ball match with one of the best-known writers on golf, a man who really knows all about the game. He is a big hitter, and in trying to equal his length I simply went to pieces from the tee, and up to the 16th hole I had hardly hit a respectable tee shot. At each bad shot he told me my stance was all wrong, but with Cymric pigheadedness I refused to alter this, deciding that as it was what I had adopted for years, with more or less satisfactory results, the failure must be due to some other cause.

On the 16th tee it suddenly struck me that my trouble was the flexing of my shoulder muscles in attempting to outdrive him. I relaxed these muscles, and away sailed the ball well past that of my rival, and for the rest of the game I had no further difficulty.

* * *

THE moral of this story is: do not always listen to advice as to altered methods of play if you are not playing well; try, by a process of elimination, to arrive at the real trouble and *let the muscles be relaxed.*

* * *

FOR a course opened only three years ago Selsdon Park is playing extremely well, and is most interesting and beautifully situated. It is only about forty minutes by car from Piccadilly Circus, and for those without cars buses will convey them from the West End to the door of the admirable club-house.

* * *

WHEN I was there recently I had the doubled pleasure of enjoying a game and witnessing the match between Mitchell and Duncan and Cotton and Lacey.

Lacey was in great form; Cotton, also playing very well, said he had played so much of late that he was a trifle stale.

* * *

THE best ball of the younger side was 8 under 4's for the first eighteen holes. It is hardly to be wondered at that Duncan, who was far from well, and Mitchell could not compete with their opponents in the face of such play.

* * *

AT the dog-leg 18th, on the second round, Lacey took the direct line to the hole from the tee, carrying the high trees, which daunt the average long hitter from attempting such a feat, and finished up a few feet from the green. According to my card, this hole measures 410 yards.

NOW that the Ladies' Golf Union has agreed to international matches, statements have appeared in the Press that a match on the same basis as the Ryder Cup competition has been arranged between this country and America. I find that these statements are premature; beyond the fact that a match has been arranged with America in 1932 nothing has been settled, but the details will be forthcoming very soon.

* * *

THE first international match arranged by the L.G.U. will be that against France in October. Neither Miss Enid Wilson nor Miss Molly Gourlay were able to accept the invitation to play, but a very strong team will be fielded, including Miss Diana Fishwick, Mrs. Percy Garon, Miss Audrey Holmes, and Miss Wanda Morgan, who has recently won the Kent championship.

* * *

IT is not yet certain whether Mme. Rene Lacoste, better known as Mlle. Thion de la Chaume, and Mme. Robert Thion de la Chaume will be able to play for France. Both these ladies have won our women's Open Championship in 1927 and 1928 respectively.

* * *

IT is astonishing to find that T. A. Torrance was recently penalised for a breach of the rules in grounding his club on the road crossing the 18th fairway at St. Andrews; apropos of this, Mr. Francis Markes, of Sandy Lodge, pointed out to me that the explosion shot which is so generally used is really a breach of the rules. According to the Rules of Golf, a stroke is only made when the club comes in contact with the ball, and this does not happen at all in the case of the explosion shot. This gives one furiously to think.

* * *

PORTHCAWL is a golfing centre well worth exploring; there is good hotel accommodation, and there are three first-class courses within easy reach. Southerndown is about four miles, and Pyle and Kenfig a mile from the town. The bays are charming, and there are excellent bathing and deep-sea fishing.

* * *

COTTON'S play at Southport must make one regret more than ever the decision of the P.G.A. against his inclusion in the Ryder Cup team; he was unfortunate not to break 70 in the first round. S. Easterbrook should strengthen his chances of a place by his play. He only needed a four at the 18th to equal Cotton's score.

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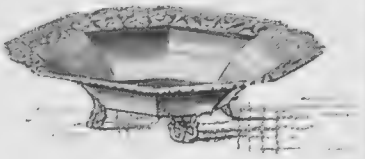

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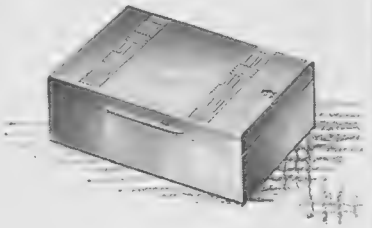

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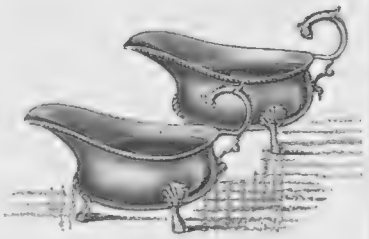

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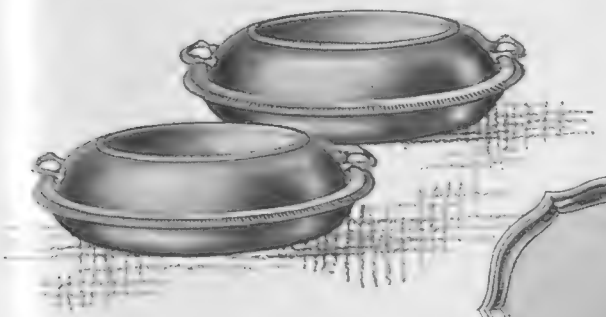

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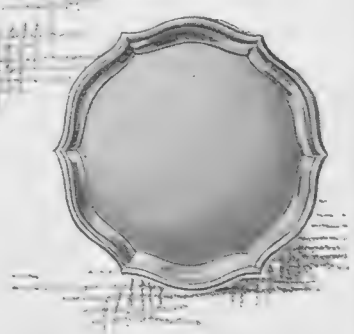

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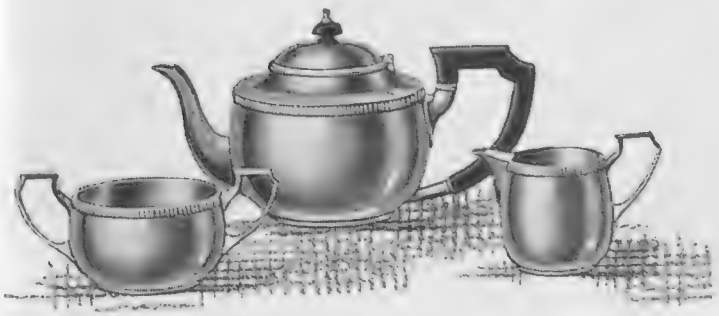

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FLYING NOTES

Mr. Nigel Norman, of Heston, and Commander H. E. Perrin, Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, greeting German pilots from Dusseldorf. They made a courtesy call at London's second airport recently

"AIR TAXI, SIR?"

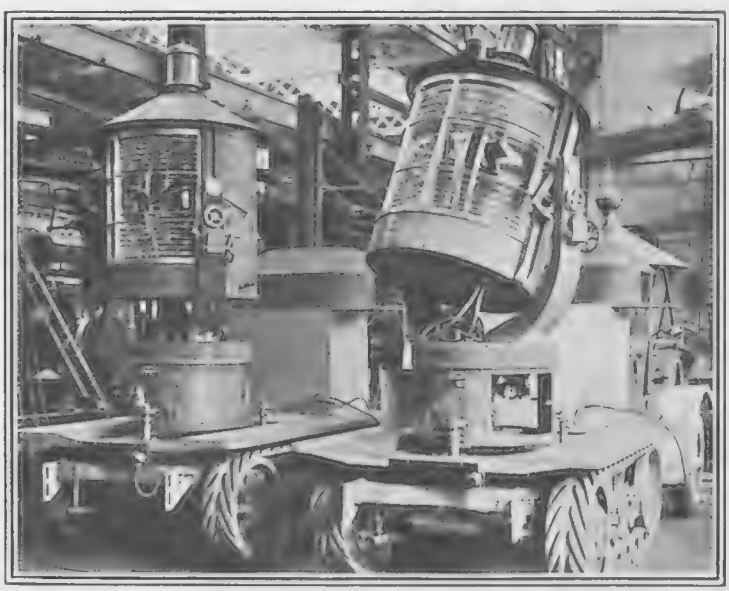
BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

To the Orkneys for Lunch

ONE day last week a lecturer and his wife hired an air taxi from National Flying Services for the journey to the Orkney Islands. They arrived at 1.30 for lunch, having had breakfast in London, which is not bad going for a distance of nearly 600 miles. The train journey to the North of Scotland takes 20 hours, after which there is a nasty "Channel" crossing, so that the use of an aeroplane is obvious. In the street a taxi can be hailed by waving or raising an arm, whereas its aerial equivalent must be engaged by telephone. Whether the air taximan will ever cruise or hover for hire seems doubtful, unless a mechanical eye is invented like that of the vulture, so that the prey can be spotted from afar. An idea which might appeal to the taxi companies is to supply potential customers with small kites or flags for display when necessary. They would serve the same purpose as the cards used in the City to attract the attention of Carter Paterson. Another method of signalling could be by means of ballroom-type ballons, let up at intervals until the pilot spotted his fare.

Keeping Appointments by Air

THE Prince of Wales, as the leading private owner in the country, is again setting an example which other business men might well follow. For the meetings in Birmingham and Manchester, when addressing the manufacturers on the possibilities of extending our trade in South America, the Prince used his Puss Moth as transport, and he has arranged to keep several other engagements by air during the next month or so. These include a visit to Plymouth when the Municipal Airport is opened officially and an extension of the flight to the Scilly Isles, probably by flying boat, in the middle of July. Anyone who has experienced the sea crossing to the Scilly Isles would welcome a flying boat service, for there can be few stretches of water more uncomfortable in an ordinary boat. Whilst in Birmingham recently the Prince of Wales and Prince George visited the works of Messrs. Chance Bros., the lighthouse engineers, arriving some time after midnight for a demonstration of mobile floodlights which are being built for use on the Imperial air routes to Australia and the Cape. The Prince has not had, as yet, much experience of night flying, but with the great advance made recently by this firm in night-lighting equipment, a 24-hour schedule on all main airlines will be possible quite soon.



Gigantic aerodrome floodlights which interested the Prince of Wales when he visited the Chance Lighthouse factory recently. One million candle power is distributed over the surface of a landing ground making it almost as bright as day

Flying at 156

THIS does not refer to miles per hour, but to the age of Zaro Agha, a Turk reputed to have lived for 156 years, who made his first flight at Brooklands, and expressed great delight after being allowed to handle the controls. He thought flying the biggest thrill since his meeting with Napoleon, and regretted that he had not taken up aviation 130 years ago, when he had first entered the bonds of matrimony. The fortieth anniversary of the first flight made by Mr. Griffith Brewer was celebrated by a luncheon and a presentation at Hanworth Park, previous to which Mr. Brewer, who can claim to be the senior pilot in the country, had made a flight in his Moth, just to prove to himself that his air sense was still well developed. Mr. Brewer's first flight in 1891 was in a balloon, and he was the first Englishman to make a passenger flight in an aeroplane, this being with Orville Wright, who taught him to fly before the War. The idea that flying is essentially a sport or means of progression for young people dies hard. The instances quoted above may perhaps convince our aged critics that it would be quite safe for them to experience a little flying themselves.

A Matter of Public Policy

IT has always been understood that the Post Office cannot advertise or attempt to sell any of its "services" to the possible detriment of others, hence the Pyramids, or principal obstacle to progress. If the Postmaster-General was responsible to shareholders for a dividend and to the public for efficient service, we should connect more often with the right number, the penny post would be restored, telegrams would be half their present price, first-class mails would be carried by air, and business generally would benefit enormously. All of which leads me to the point that one of our national jokes, the telephone service, is being pushed, whereas an equally important matter, that of expediting mails by means of air transport, is treated with indifference. Even the London Chamber of Commerce cannot persuade the P.M.G. to issue air mail stamps.

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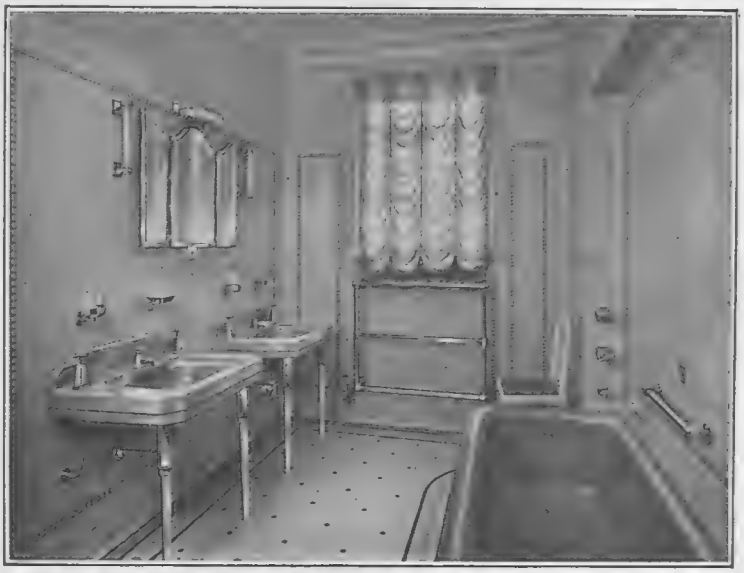

This Room was recently carried out by Hamptons in a Client's London Residence.

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If you are interested in flying, then you should certainly read "About Heston." Even if your flying is a dream of the future, this book will acquaint you with fundamentals of the most exhilarating form of travel. A copy will be gladly sent free on application.

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Fashions Fancies

A STUDY IN LACE FOR ASCOT

Lace is now looked on with great favour, therefore it is of it that the dress above is made ; it comes from the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. It cleverly silhouettes the figure, graceful sculptured folds being introduced in the lower part of the skirt. The sleeves of the much-abbreviated coat are finished with fur, the scheme being completed with lace mittens, sunshade, and a fine straw hat, lifted from the forehead by a bandeau of angel ribbon

NECKLACES OF REAL FLOWERS AND HANDKERCHIEF DRAPERIES

Simple and becoming are the fashions which Liberty, Regent Street, W., create for the little folks; the dress on the left is of shantung, and the one on the right is of crêpe de Chine, with an honesty seed pattern

Handkerchief Draperies

THE modern handkerchief has only a decorative mission to perform; of course there is always the utilitarian affair in the background which is seldom revealed. Slits are introduced in various parts of the dress through which the handkerchief may be passed, thereby introducing a telling touch of colour. This "slit" may be in the rever of a coat frock or a tailored suit; sometimes it is folded over four times, and is of chiffon. Another conceit is for it to be introduced at the base of the "V" neckline when it forms a jabot. Very large ones are tucked into the waistband; they are more often than not of crêpe de Chine. Half a chiffon handkerchief may be used to form the miniature sleeves of a satin evening dress, while at other times a larger affair is draped round the arms to the elbow, the effect being a cape.

Necklaces of Flowers and Shells

A NOVELTY that is being warmly applauded are the necklaces of natural flowers. Of course, they must harmonise with the colour scheme of the dress, with a blue and white silk voile creation forget-me-nots might be used, mignonette looks well with many shades of green, and so do hydrangeas that are not quite in bloom. These necklaces are the work of a well-known London florist, and cost about half a guinea; naturally the price varies with the flowers. For wearing with sun suits painted ping-pong balls have their rôles to play. A bride recently wore a necklace of shell flowers and foliage and carried a bouquet of the same with a surround of satin to match the dress; it fell in graceful folds.

Wool Embroidery

THE severe cardigan coat expressed in a plain wool fabric has frequently a large cluster of flowers embroidered in gaily coloured wools. Occasionally the same idea is expressed on the jumper. Some of the pastel-tinted long coats have black and white revers. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for "wasp" stripes; they have a far from slimming effect on the figure.

A Graceful Wedding Dress

PARTNERED with a cap and veil this lovely bridal dress has gone into residence at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. It is carried out in heavy gold lace, and although it is reinforced with an amber buckle it is merely 14 guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is just right for wearing at formal evening functions. In this model department on the third floor there are printed chiffon dresses with cape effects for 7½ guineas. Frills appear on the skirt, and the picture is completed with a belt. There are various colour schemes in which cloud grey, primrose yellow, and mignonette green are subtly mingled. For £5 10*s.* there are printed crêpe de Chine ensembles, the skirts are finely pleated, and the coats just cover the hip yokes. Neither must it be overlooked that for 5½ guineas there are shantung frocks with pleated skirts, the corsages being arranged with tailored revers and leaf collars of piqué.

Fashions for Children

FASHIONS for children at Liberty's, Regent Street, are altogether charming. The frock illustrated on the left of this page is carried out in shantung, the collar and cuffs are white, while smocking appears on the bodice and skirt. The other dress is of white crêpe de Chine with honesty seed pattern in blue; it is laced in front and finished with smocking. A few words must be said about the nursery overalls which really are dresses; without sleeves they are 12*s.* 6*d.*, 20 inches long, and with sleeves 15*s.* 6*d.* They are made of écru crêpe; across the front there is a band on which is seen amusing bird and animal designs, and, of course, the little pockets are decorated in a similar manner.

Marvellously graceful is this bridal dress from Swan & Edgar's, Piccadilly it is carried out in heavy gold lace and may be partnered with train and cap en suite

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

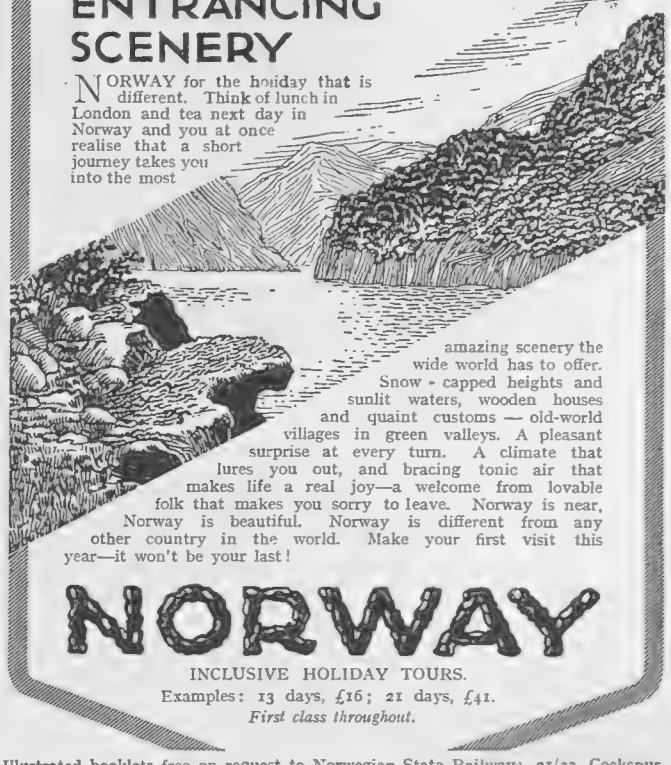
A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

THE WORLD'S MOST ENTRANCING SCENERY



NORWAY for the holiday that is different. Think of lunch in London and tea next day in Norway and you at once realise that a short journey takes you into the most amazing scenery the wide world has to offer. Snow-capped heights and sunlit waters, wooden houses and quaint customs — old-world villages in green valleys. A pleasant surprise at every turn. A climate that lures you out, and bracing tonic air that makes life a real joy—a welcome from lovable folk that makes you sorry to leave. Norway is near, Norway is beautiful. Norway is different from any other country in the world. Make your first visit this year—it won't be your last!

NORWAY

INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY TOURS.
Examples: 13 days, £16; 21 days, £41.
First class throughout.

Illustrated booklets free on request to Norwegian State Railways, 21/23, Cockspur Street, London, and Assistant Traffic Manager, B. & N. Line Royal Mail Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, or to all leading Tourist Agents.

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Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes*, and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

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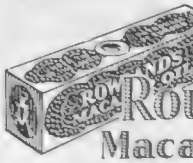
BECAUSE it keeps the hair always immaculate, yet does not make it appear artificially plastered down, Rowland's Macassar Oil is the favourite hair preparation amongst those men and women who pride themselves upon their perfect grooming.



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Rowland's Macassar Oil

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MOTOR NOTES

Mr. S. F. Edge, the famous motorist, who made the inaugural run on the track at Brooklands. He is seen with his new 15 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing gear model

BRAVO, BABY! By E. M. Wright

THIS year's Double-Twelve was a smashing victory for baby cars. Every one of the first five places was secured by one make, and of the first ten places only two fell to cars of more than 750 c.c. This success was the culminating point in the development of the baby car. Designed originally purely as a cheap utility vehicle with no special pretensions either to looks or to speed, it has in a very few years become the car *par excellence* of the enthusiast, even when money is "no object." Once it was rather looked down upon as a poor man's car. Now it is the last word in chic. To borrow a horsey simile, the coster's moke has become an Arab thoroughbred. The success it has achieved as a utility car is already being repeated on the race-track.

***

PERHAPS because it is so small, perhaps because two famous firms (both of them British, by the way) are fighting tooth and nail to capture the limelight, the career of the baby car attracts almost as much attention as the career of those world wonders (also British) that fight our battles on the sands of Daytona or Verneuk Pan. An international record in class H—in plain English, a baby car record—is nowadays a matter of truly international importance. This year, particularly, it has been a ding-dong battle literally from January 1. And I shrewdly suspect that the success of the M.G. concern in the Double-Twelve will prompt the Austin people to redoubled efforts in the coming classics. Far be it from me to take sides in this baby war. What does interest me is that both these infant prodigies of the racing track are British. It was in this country that the baby car was first evolved, and it is a matter of pride that the prestige of the British racing baby is unrivalled in any part of the world.

***

THE speed at which the Double-Twelve was won was not sensasional. But in view of the arduousness of the race (which in many ways was more difficult than a straight out 24-hours' event), an average of 65 m.p.h. for two spells of twelve hours each, over a course of nearly 1,600 miles, is a highly meritorious performance, even though it is not an earth-shaking one. It is perhaps a little unkind to recall such things, but it is only fair to remember that seventeen years ago, in 1914, a Singer Ten achieved a one-hour record at the then truly remarkable speed of 64 m.p.h., and for nine hours averaged 62½ m.p.h.

***

IN acclaiming this triumph of the small car in the Double-Twelve, we must bear in mind that the handicapping heavily loaded the dice against the larger cars in the race. The Junior Car Club did their best to give every car a chance, but to attempt to equalise conditions between a giant of 6,000 or 7,000 c.c. and a baby of just over 700 c.c. is to attempt a well-nigh impossible task. Long before the actual day it was realised that the bigger cars would be very hard pressed to maintain the average necessary to beat the small fry. The only car over 5,000 c.c. would have had to maintain a steady 105 m.p.h. in order to keep pace, on formula, with a baby of under 750 c.c.—which was manifestly not easy, to put it mildly. An exactly similar situation arose in Ulster last year. The luck of the handicap practically *gave* the T.T. to a certain Italian make. Provided the car in question completed the course, victory was assured. With the best will in the world a handicap event, however ingeniously the formula is devised, is apt to produce entirely artificial results. From the spectator's point of view, too, it utterly destroys the thrill of the race when only an expert mathematician can follow its progress. Our big events in this country are formula-ridden. Everything depends upon the handicap, and the racing is, in consequence, often as dull as a cricket match which is "decided" by a downpour of rain.

***

THE solution, of course, is to confine races to one, or at the most, two or three classes—to convert them, in other words, into straight-out dog-fights in which pure speed is the deciding factor. Where will you get the field? the critics ask. Stage the events and the field will be there. There are several firms which have deliberately withdrawn from racing because of the unfairness of the present

(Continued on page iv)

Lord and Lady Ratendone with their new Hillman "Wizard," recently supplied by Roote's, Ltd. Lord Ratendone is the son and heir of Earl Willingdon, Viceroy of India

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N A U S T I N

THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

The car you keep longer . . . yet it costs you less

Among the claims and counter claims, so prominent to-day concerning car values, one significant fact bearing on this stands out: *Austin owners keep their cars longer.* Why is this?

Any Austin owner will tell you that his car will perform day in, day out, with the minimum of attention, over enormous mileage. He will tell you that he gets new-car performance, not for a season, but for many years. That, as a result of this outstanding dependability, his maintenance and running costs are extraordinarily low. For these reasons, naturally, he is reluctant to part with a car so efficient, so trustworthy, so downright dependable. The latest model seven-passenger Ranelagh Limousine with its new improved lines, is more impressive, more lavishly fitted than ever . . . still finer in performance.

In choosing your new car, first see this model and arrange a demonstration. You will then agree that no car, no form of travel, could be more satisfying . . . that this is a car which you would be proud to own; which you would keep longer . . . *which would—and does—cost you less!* Call round at your nearest Austin dealer's showrooms.

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(At Works)

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The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

A picturesque corner of the old-world village of Potterne, in Wiltshire. The car seen above is a Standard "Ensign" Six

handicapping system. They would willingly support races in which it was possible to win on merit and not on mathematics. If it is possible to stage highly successful one-make rallies, surely it is possible to arrange one-class races. Such races would be far more attractive to the public than formula events. Increasing public interest would stimulate the attention paid to racing by manufacturers and private enthusiasts. Like a rolling snowball, motor racing would steadily grow the farther it progressed.

***

WE should have no need to stage preliminary races to decide who was fit to take part in this or that event. There would be races in plenty to give every aspirant a chance of showing what he was made of, and a chance of learning the finer points of the game. The British driver would no longer be a comparative novice; he could compete on level terms with the greatest of Continental aces. For he would have an opportunity of obtaining that knowledge and experience which is one of the secrets of success in racing.

IN THE NEWS

Meet "Mr. Brown"!

In most cases a catalogue either gives so much information that the reader has mental indigestion or else it confines itself to unnecessary generalistics. In a handy little booklet, "Your first ride in a Vauxhall Cadet," a helpful demonstrator-salesman, "Mr. Brown," explains in picture and in story the various good points (not the least of which is its price of £280 complete) of this excellent six-cylinder car. "Mr. Brown" is a mine of information, but he is so pleasantly non-technical that even a novice should have no difficulty in following what he means. The booklet can be obtained free from any dealer or from the Vauxhall Sales Dept., General Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9.

On the Water

With the—nominal—approach of summer, motor-boating enthusiasts are once more taking to the water. Like other forms of motor sport, it is nowadays ridiculously cheap. The Elto people, for instance, announce a small reduction in their lightweight outboard motor which now sells for only £25. This is one of the lowest priced twin-cylinder outboard motors in the world, and is, I believe, extremely popular among motor-boat enthusiasts.

Touring in Ireland

Of interest to motorists who intend visiting Ireland is a new touring map recently published by the A.A. The scale is twelve miles to the inch. The roads are divided into five classes—principal main roads, other main roads, secondary roads, connecting links of minor importance, and unapproved roads—while distances between towns are clearly indicated. The frontier between the Free State and Northern Ireland, the names of Customs stations, and the position of frontier posts, together with approved roads across the border are among the special features of the map.

E. M. W.

POPE & BRADLEY

WHY LONDON MAKES THE BEST CLOTHES

REGULARLY, almost automatically, the best-dressed men of every capital in the world come to London for their clothes. London's power in dictating men's styles and fashions is greater than the influence Paris has over women's. Along with steel, textiles and engineering, the building of clothes ranks among England's greatest industries—great, because of their superiority to those of any other nation. The supremacy of our tailoring remains unchallenged by foreign competitors.

LONDON has secured this international reputation, partly because Englishmen know how to carry their clothes, but mainly because London tailors combine the best of the three essentials of tailoring.

THE three essentials are cut, workmanship and materials. The last is the least relevant, because England can, and does, export her finest worsteds and woollens. Workmanship is of inestimable importance, since hand-labour, though very expensive, is responsible for style, and the work of the best cutter is ruined without good hand-sewing. Good craftsmen, however, are not confined to England; the Swedes, Italians, and Americans are just as good, if properly trained.

BUT Swedes, Italians and Americans cannot produce men's clothes that approach the English in style. They have failed to master the art of cutting, and English cutters always have been, and, let us hope, always will be, supreme.

EVEN in England, good cutters are as rare as good sewing workmen. The House of Pope and Bradley employs the finest cutters that can be found, as well as the pick of the West End "log" hand-sewing tailors on the board. Moreover, we have instituted a unique system of apprenticeship for a selected number of young men, in order that they may learn this difficult and subtle craft. When fully qualified they will not only earn high wages but they will ensure the maintenance of the reputation of our firm.

LOUNGE SUITS from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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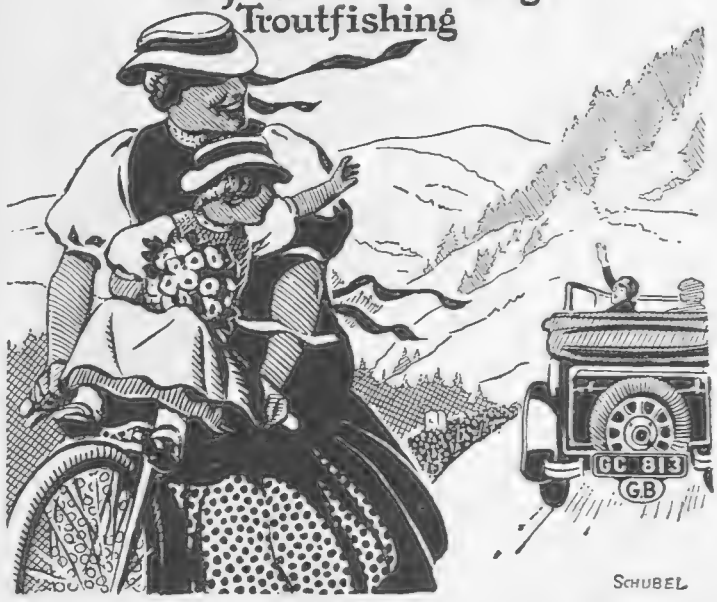

Information and illustrated Prospectus from all Travel Agencies, the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, or the Black Forest Hotel Proprietors' Association, Furtwangen, Germany

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DOGS

HOLIDAY HINTS

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

HOLIDAY time for dogs! I don't suppose that if you can possibly avoid it you will go away and leave your pet behind. Of course, sometimes this is unavoidable, but do please try to take him with you. If you are going to a hotel in the South of England you will find that most of the proprietors are perfectly charming in the matter of allowing you to have your dog with you, particularly in Somerset and Devon. Indeed, if you care to write to me I can give you the names of one or two hotels where they will welcome your dog. But if the proprietors are nice and affable, it is also your duty to reciprocate and not to allow your dog to become a nuisance. I hope that nobody would be ill-mannered enough to take a dog that was not completely house-trained, but, even so, you cannot expect to be allowed to take it into the public rooms, for the unfortunate manager has to cater for everybody's tastes, and many people dislike dogs. (Strange, but true!)

PROVIDE yourself with a rug on which the dog can lie. In this way he will not cover the carpet with hairs, and the chambermaid will not be caused extra work. Never allow him to jump up on the bed, and when you go downstairs chain him up to a table or chair. Some quite good-tempered dogs are apt to bark when a strange maid comes into "their" room, and it is a pity to cause any unpleasantness. There is nearly always a charge for a dog, even if you provide your own food, so it is hardly worth while dragging along biscuit, etc. The head waiter will always provide you with suitable scraps of meat and dry bread, and the change will not hurt the dog, but will add to the holiday feeling.

Miss L. M. Dixon's Wire-haired Fox-terrier, That Trojan. He took First Prize and the Championship at the Joint Terrier Show at Olympia

IN the North of England most of the hotels would rather let you stay in the street than allow you to have your dog with you, and I know of only one alternative, and that is to turn the car into a kennel, with plenty of straw on the floor. I have done this for a couple of nights (turn off the petrol), but it is only a bad makeshift and not to be recommended, that is, in a town where you must garage the car.

SWIMMING is excellent exercise for them, but it is apt to make them rather smelly and not very pleasant companions in a room. Also, some dogs swallow so much salt water that they get diarrhœa. As long as this is not excessive it does not seem to harm them, but, of course, it is a nuisance if you are staying in a hotel. I have found that if you can accustom them to the sea by degrees it is just the same as with human beings—they get acclimatised, and certainly it does them a lot of good and seems to act as a tonic. Fresh water does not possess these drawbacks, but it is more likely to produce rheumatism, and it is worth while taking several dog-towels and giving the animal a brisk rub-down after his final immersion.

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Soufflé de Homard.

Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Parmesan.

Pommes de Terre Frites.

Pain d'Ananas à la Metropole.

Sardines Maître d'Hôtel.

Café. Dessert.

Soufflé de Homard

Chop a lobster into very small pieces; melt 1½ oz. of butter in a fairly large pan, stir into it 1½ oz. of flour till well blended, then add gradually three-quarters of a pint of milk. When thick and creamy add a good half-teaspoonful each of white pepper and salt, a dessertspoonful of anchovy and Worcester sauce, the chopped lobster, and the yolks of three eggs. Whisk until very stiff the whites of the eggs, stir them in lightly, and lastly place in a well-buttered soufflé dish and steam gently for forty minutes. Serve immediately.

Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Parmesan

Trim and shape some lamb cutlets. Mix equal quantities of grated Parmesan cheese and fine breadcrumbs. Dip the cutlets into a good rich brown sauce, then into the crumbs and Parmesan, then into beaten yolk of egg, into which a little salt and very finely chopped parsley and chives have been mixed, and then dip them a second time into the breadcrumbs and Parmesan. Fry them, and serve them in a crown with spaghetti in the middle; pour over tomato sauce, and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

Pain d'Ananas à la Metropole

Boil some pineapple in a pint of syrup and pass it through a sieve (a pint of the pineapple and a pint of syrup). Soak 2 oz. of gelatine in water for a quarter of an hour, drain it, and put it into the hot syrup in which the pineapple has been boiled, and stir over the fire till the gelatine is melted; strain it, let it cool, and add the purée. Decorate a plain round mould with almonds, angelica, and dried cherries, sticking them on the mould with a little melted and sweetened gelatine. Set the mould in ice, and fill in with the pineapple purée; put a baking sheet on top with some ice on it, and let it remain on the ice for two hours, then turn out and serve.

Sardines Maître d'Hotel

Take as many sardines as required, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one thin slice of onion pounded fine, one tablespoonful of chilli vinegar, and ½ pint of melted butter. Scrape the sardines, arrange them neatly on fried croûtons, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon juice and cayenne to it.

The menu of an attractive dinner served in the Louis XIV Restaurant of the Piccadilly Hotel. It has been signed by M. Ernest Soso, the Restaurant Manager

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Modern Man"

Twice a year Messrs. Austin Reed publish a really entertaining and informative magazine under the title of "Modern Man," their object being to keep overseas visitors in touch with the latest developments in London. The spring number, which recently made its appearance, is a remarkably good production, and includes, quite apart from much helpful and amusing reading matter and being profusely illustrated, a new game, "Dressing for Dinner." This game is a modern variant of the old "Snakes and Ladders," and is so entertaining that when one starts to play it the chances are that one will entirely forget to dress for dinner!

Royal Academy Pictures

In our issue of May 6th we published, on pages 282-283, reproductions of four important pictures from this year's Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House. Owing to an oversight a notice to the effect that the copyright is reserved for their owners by "Royal Academy Illustrated" was omitted, and we take this opportunity of rectifying the omission in question.

New Gramophone Music

Abundant again in noble recordings by world-renowned orchestras, led by famous men, are the new issues of "His Master's Voice." Albert Coates, recently returned from his triumphant visit to Russia, aids the London Symphony Orchestra in creating perfect renderings of two most inspiring examples of Russian art. Here is the "Cortège des Nobles," from the opera *Mlada*, which conjures up the splendour of a cavalcade, the spirit of the processional pomp, and this effort is coupled with the barbaric beauty of "Gopak," from *The Fair of Sorotchinsk*. A good companion to this disc has been made by the Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, who, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, give a superb reproduction of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, Numbers 1 and 3, folk tunes going from soft croonings to fiery passages.

Marek Weber and his orchestra go from success to success, and their newest creations, "Drink, Brothers, Drink" and "Life in the Vienna Prater," have the ineffable charm of the gladsome Continental waltz, which makes one sway and hum gently. It is difficult to equal these sparkling tunes at three shillings.

Amelita Galli-Curci, whose artistic reputation in this country was made by "His Master's Voice" records eight years before she visited London, is heard to perfection in the ever welcome "Chanson Indoue," and, as a foil, in Delibes's fascinating Bolero.

Miss Edith Lorand, the celebrated violinist, and her Vienna orchestra, with which she scored a remarkable success in Paris recently. Last week she and her orchestra made a first appearance in England at the Alhambra

Men's Clothes to Cost Less

Those men who think that twelve or fourteen guineas is rather a lot to pay for a suit will be interested to hear that the sympathies of a well-known West End tailor seem to be entirely on their side. At 55, Conduit Street, W.1—and what well-dressed man does not know that address?—you will find that clothes of the twelve-to-fourteen guineas standard can be obtained for nine guineas. If you feel that a saving of three or four guineas on every suit you buy is worthy of your attention, you will be well advised to bear the name of Bernard Weatherill in mind and pay a visit to his establishment when you next contemplate making an addition to your wardrobe.

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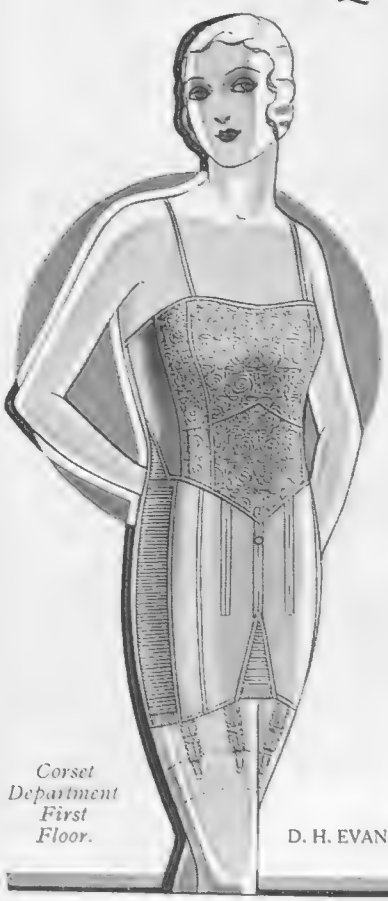

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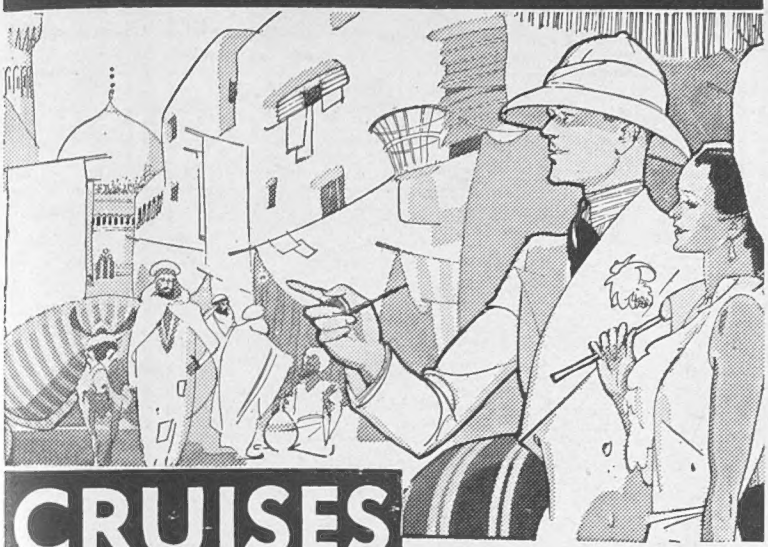

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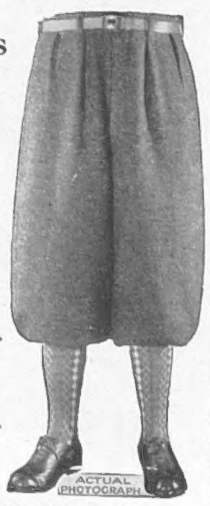

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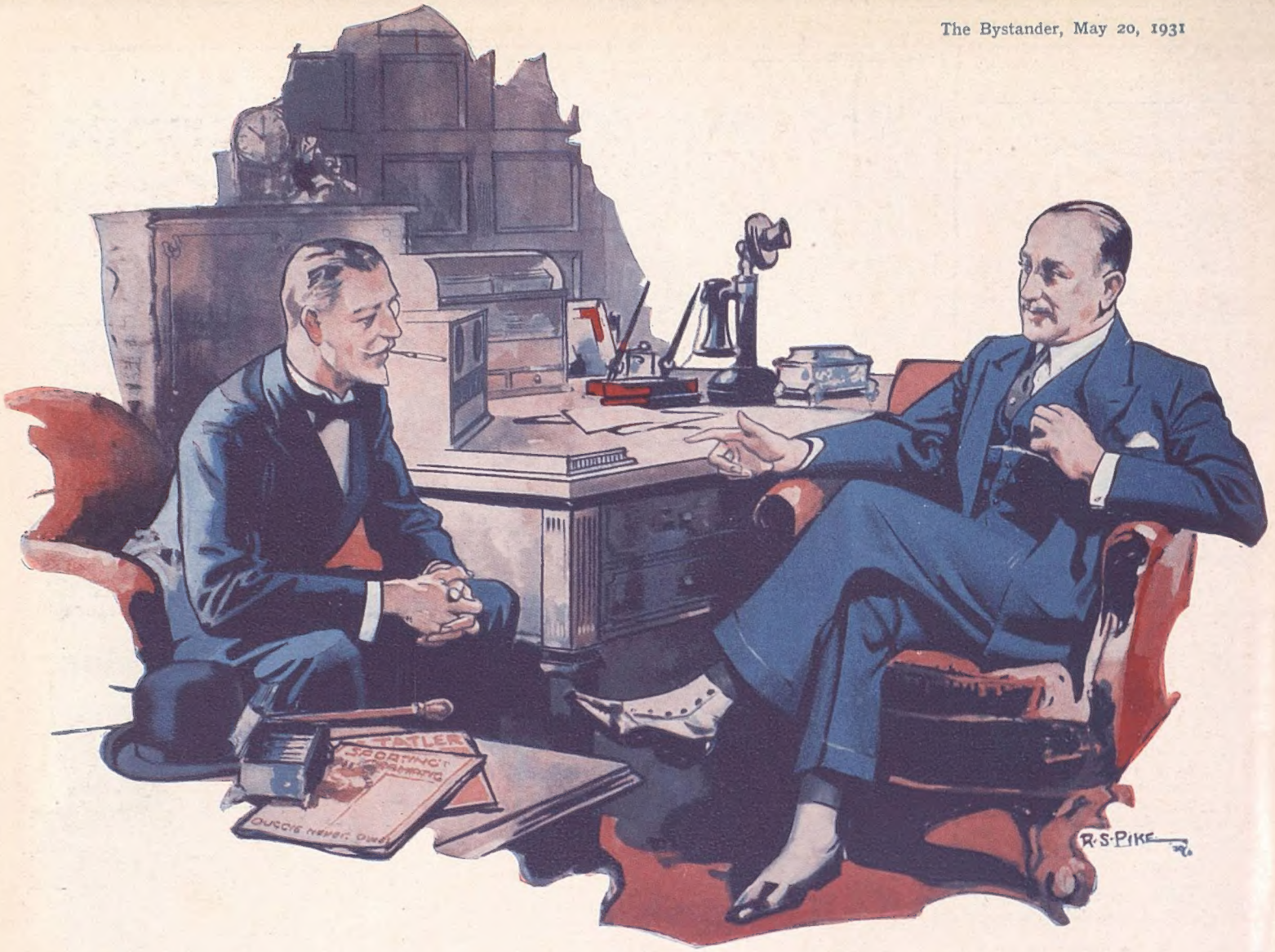

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